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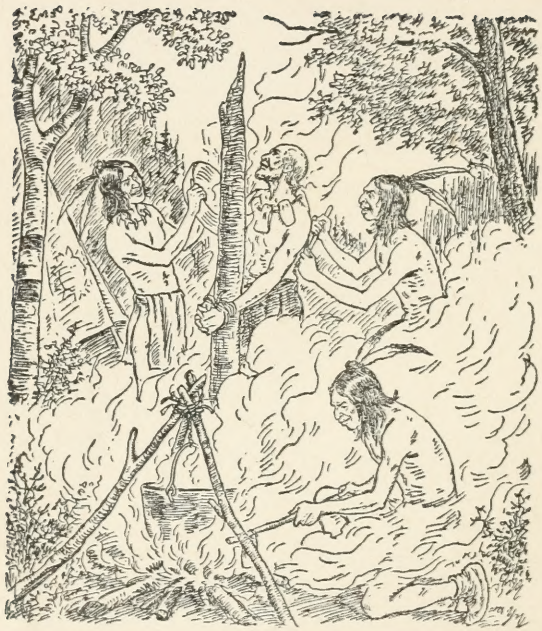

FATHER JOHN DE BREBEUF

Slain by the Iroquois, March 16, 1649

The

Canadian Martyrs

By

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THE author declares his entire submission to the Decree of Urban VIII, relative to the attribution of martyrdom, sanctity, etc. Any such term employed in this little work is to be taken in its ordinary acceptation only, and not in any way as attempting to forestall the judgment of the Holy See.

Permissu Superiorum

Nihil obstat
25 ianuarii, 1916
CAROLUS LECOQ, *Censor Delegatus.*

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PREFACE

The rapidity with which the first edition of these short biographies disappeared, and the many requests which have reached us for a new edition, are assurances that our people are taking more that a passing interest in the lives and sufferings of the Jesuit martyrs of early Canada. All the testimony in favor of their Beatification, given before the Apostolic Commission at Quebec during the past couple of years, has reached Rome, where it is being submitted to the scrutiny of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It is the ardent prayer of the friends of those old heroes of the Cross that the verdict of that august tribunal shall be favorable to their Cause.

Meanwhile we are asked to make a deeper study of their lives, in order the better to know what manner of men they were, how intense were the sufferings they endured for the Faith, how great must have been the reward of their sacrifices, how absolute the confidence we should have in their power before the throne of God, and how signal the favors we may expect by appealing to their intercession.

May the day soon arrive when they shall enjoy the honors of the altar, and when, with the sanction of the Infallible Church, we may invoke them publicly: Blessed John de Brébeuf and Companions, pray for us !

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APOSTLE OF THE HURONS

THE Brébeuf family was of Norman origin; it can be traced as far back as the middle of the eleventh century. William, Duke of Normandy, had a Brébeuf with him at the battle of Hastings in 1066. Another accompanied Saint Louis, two centuries later, in his crusade against the Turks, and bravely led the Norman nobles during the siege of Damietta. In 1251, a Nicholas de Brébeuf is mentioned in the chronicles of the family as one of the chief citizens of Bayeux. According to Du Hamel, the annalist, the Arundels of England and the Brébeufs of Normandy both descended from a common ancestry, but posterity is impressed less by the ties of Norman blood which may have linked those two ancient families together than by the sacrifices they both made, even to martyrdom, to preserve their ancient faith.

His birth and early years

It was at Condé-sur-Vire, in the diocese of Bayeux, that John de Brébeuf was born, on March 25, 1593. We have no details regarding his early years, but the child undoubtedly received the training in piety and learning which was one of the traditions of his race. It would be hard to believe that religious influences had not molded the youth of one who was destined later to do great deeds for God in the forests of the New World, and who, when the supreme sacrifice was demanded, showed a heroism in torture and suffering almost unparalleled in the history of the Church.

At the age of twenty-four John de Brébeuf entered the Jesuit novitiate at Rouen, November 8, 1617. In that home of peace and piety the young man devoted two years to prayer and reflection, and to the cultivation of those little virtues which were to be the foundation stones of his future holiness. Secluded from the distractions of the world, he labored seriously to acquire self-knowledge and to exercise himself in the practice of humility, a virtue he pushed so far that he desired to abandon all aspirations to the priesthood to become a lay-brother in the Order. But his superiors, assured that the humbler the novice the stronger the indications that he would one day give more glory to God in the priesthood, refused Brébeuf's request and counselled him to accept whatever grade in the Society of Jesus obedience would decide.

He enters the Jesuit Order

At the end of his noviceshiip the young Jesuit was sent to teach grammar in the college at Rouen. There the religious kept pace with the professor; while Brébeuf taught the rules of grammar to his pupils he did not neglect to implant in their minds and hearts the principles of Christian virtue. With untiring devotedness he spent two years in this important work; but his zeal in the class-room exacted its price. His labors undermined his health and forced him to retire and seek absolute rest. However, a young religious who had been taught to set a high value on the fleeting minutes could not stay idle. Brébeuf applied himself privately to the study of theology, and acquired sufficient knowledge for the duties of the sacred ministry. He was raised to the priesthood at Pontoise, near Paris, at the beginning of Lent, 1623, and celebrated his first Mass on the transferred feast of the Annunciation, April 4, of the same year. Years of waiting only intensifies one's consolations when the goal is reached, and the sentiments of the future victim of the Iroquois may

Raised to the priesthood

be easily gauged the morning he called down from Heaven, for the first time, the Spotless Victim, and adored Him Who lay on the altar hidden under the sacramental veil. One grace followed another; after his ordination the health of the young Jesuit priest improved rapidly, and he was named bursar of the college at Rouen.

While the months were passing thus peacefully away in the city of Rouen, events of vast importance were happening in the little French colony beyond the Atlantic. Champlain had founded Quebec in 1608; he had established the fur trade, and had already visited several of the native tribes. This pious statesman stood aghast at the multitude of souls he witnessed lying in the darkness of infidelity and superstition, and he resolved to bring to them a knowledge of the Christian faith. Through his efforts the Recollects had crossed the ocean in 1615; a couple of them had even penetrated to the shore of Georgian Bay; but the vastness of New France, its large number of savage tribes, and the conditions of life prevailing among them, forced the Recollect missionaries to admit that they alone could not stem the tide of paganism. They appealed in consequence to the Society of Jesus to share the field with them, but it was only in 1625 that their appeal was successful.

He arrives in New France

Three Jesuit priests, Charles Lalemant, Ennemond Massé and John de Brébeuf, were chosen for the arduous missions of New France. In years Brébeuf was the youngest of the three, but he was their equal in virtue. When the order was received to cross the Atlantic, he did not hesitate to sever the ties of blood and family affection, to abandon his homeland and consecrate himself forever to the salvation of the Indians of the New World. Nature had well prepared him for this calling; he was now in perfect health, and in possession of a herculean frame; he was in the flower of manhood—thirty-two years of age—a splendid type of manliness and strength. These

physical qualities, so necessary in a foreign missionary, were crowned with a prudence and a maturity of judgment which made his advice on all matters valuable and eagerly sought for.

Such was John de Brébeuf, the missionary, who reached Quebec in the summer of 1625. His first impulse on landing was to proceed immediately to the Huron country to begin the study of the language and prepare himself for his ministry; and he was about to start on the long and trying journey up the Ottawa when the news of the murder of the Recollect, Nicholas Viel, contrived by treacherous pagans Hurons on the route he would have to pass, made his superior take no risks; Father Charles Lalemant recalled him to Quebec to await a more favorable moment.

His first experiences

A whole year elapsed before the opportunity of going presented itself again; meanwhile, as a preparation for his future career among the Hurons, the young missionary decided to taste its trials and hardships nearer home. In order to inure himself more thoroughly in the ways of savage life, he spent the winter of 1625-1626 among the Montagnais, a tribe living along the Lower St. Lawrence. The language of this tribe differed from that of the Hurons, but Brébeuf knew that the time spent in acquiring it would not be lost; it could not fail to be useful some day. That first experience among the savages during the rigors of a Canadian winter would have broken the spirit of a man less hardy than he, but his "iron frame and unconquerably resolute nature" were proof against such bitter trials. In those long winter months his days were spent following the Indians on the chase, his nights in bark wigwams suffering from cold and hunger, breathing an atmosphere foul with the smoke of the fireplaces. Add to this the continual jibes and insults showered on him by the uncouth Indians for his faults in trying to speak their tongue, and we can form an idea of the life

he led during his first months in New France. His success, however, was such that the following spring Charles Lalemant could write in a letter to the General of the Order : "Father de Brébeuf, a pious and prudent man, and of robust constitution, has passed a rude winter season among the savages, and has acquired an extensive knowledge of their tongue." Brébeuf had begun to show the precious talent which was later to give him such mastery over the Huron language.

The flotilla from the Huron country had reached Quebec early in 1626; the savages had bartered all their furs and were on the eve of their return homewards.

He goes to the Hurons

This opportunity could not be lost, and rather than wait another year, Brébeuf made every effort—even urging the intervention of Champlain—to assure his passage in the canoes. He had some difficulty, however; the Indians complained of his weight; a frail canoe could not carry him safely hundreds of miles against the swift currents and over the dangerous rapids of the Upper Ottawa. A few gifts solved the objections of the savage traders. and Brébeuf, accompanied by Father de Nouë and the Recollect, de la Roche de Daillon, set out over the famous Ottawa and Nipissing route to the Huron nation. After thirty days of painful effort the three men floated out of French River and coasted down the eastern shore of Georgian Bay. A few wigwams, scattered here and there along the shore, gave evidences of human occupation, and soon the shouts of his tawny cohorts told Brébeuf that he had reached Otouacha, the landing place of the Huron village of Toanché,[1] and the end of his journey.

The missionary's first care was to secure a cabin—or *annonchia*, as Sagard called it—built of long poles driven into the ground and then bent forward till their topmost

1 On Pentang Bay. Cf. Jones' *Old Huronia*, diagr. III. p. 36; then pp. 46, 47, 59; colored sketch, p. 22b.

ends met. A covering of bark thrown over this tunnel-shaped skeleton provided a habitation into which he could retire. Father de Brébeuf had come to preach the Gospel of Christ to a race of savages who had never known the true God, and he began at once to acquire a knowledge of the Huron tongue, the only means of communication with them. His first weeks were passed in plying them with questions, writing down their answers as they sounded to his ear, and thus augmenting daily his stock of words; his evenings beside the comp-fire were spent in classifying them, in forming sentences, and in trying to discover the mechanism of the strange tongue. Nature had given Brébeuf a retentive memory and a marvellous facility for seizing the laws governing language, gifts which he thanked God for more than once, and he made such rapid progress that in a short time he had acquired a tolerable knowledge of the Huron tongue. His two companions were less gifted, and after a sojourn of a year in the Huron country, both Daillon and de Nouë were recalled to Quebec.

Studies the language

Brébeuf was now alone in the Huron solitude. He began his lonely life by planting a large cross before his cabin, so that its shadow might bless him and his labors. He visited the homes of the Indians, gathered them together, explained to them the rudiments of the Christian faith, and tried to impress on them the existence of the true God, of heaven and hell, and the other great truths of religion. But the weeks and months were passing and he had not yet been able to make any impression on minds and hearts hardened by centuries of superstition. He struggled on patiently during the winters of 1627-1628 and 1628-1629, hoping that the hour of grace would soon strike, consoling himself meanwhile with the baptism of a few children in danger of death. More than once, however, during the

He lives alone in Huronia

second year he had the satisfaction of seeing sick and infirm adults yielding to his burning zeal, and he had hopes even of forming the nucleus of a congregation among the converts of Toanché and its neighborhood, when an order came from his superior summoning him back to civilization.

The missionary reached Quebec in July, 1629, and found the little French colony in the grip of famine. Vessels carrying provisions from the motherland had either foundered at sea or had been seized by English corsairs in the Gulf. The future looked dark; France and England were on the verge of war; during the previous year an expedition under Admiral Kerkt had come to take Quebec; but the haughty reception given him by Champlain had put off the inevitable for a time. Kerkt, however, intent on getting possession of the colony, returned again in 1629. Hunger and want obliged Champlain to surrender, and together with the Jesuits, Recollects and a number of French colonists, he was taken back to Europe. This turn of events wrecked many a bright hope in the heart of Brébeuf. Even the sight of his beloved France, after an absence of four years, could not reconcile him to the loss of his Huron mission. He knew not what the future had in store for the colony on the St. Lawrence, but he knew that the souls of thousands of pagan Hurons were awaiting salvation on Georgian Bay, and he resolved to return thither as soon as the occasion should present itself.

He is sent back to France

Three years were to elapse before this resolve could be carried out. However, they were years of solid spiritual profit for the future apostle of the Hurons. While at Rouen, in 1630, he pronounced his final vows as a Jesuit, thereby binding himself irrevocably to the service of His Divine Master. "A few days before," he wrote, "I felt a strong desire to suffer something for Jesus Christ; and

I said : 'Lord, make me a man according to Thine own Heart. Let me know Thy holy will. Let nothing separate me from Thy love, neither nakedness, nor the sword, nor death itself. Thou hast made me a member of Thy Society and an apostle in Canada, not, it is true, by the gift of tongues but by a facility in learning them.' " These noble sentiments were still uppermost in his soul when, a year later, he signed with his own blood the following solemn offering of himself :

Lord Jesus, my Redeemer, Thou hast saved me with Thy Blood and precious Death. In return for this favor, I promise to serve Thee all my life in Thy Society of Jesus, and never to serve anyone but Thee. I sign this promise with my own blood, ready to sacrifice it all as willingly as I do this drop.

JOHN DE BRÉBEUF, S. J.

God did not forget this generous promise, but eighteen years had to elapse before the Iroquois gave Brébeuf the opportunity to redeem it. Meanwhile he was waiting patiently for the moment to return to his Hurons. Negotiations for the transfer of Canada back to France were being pushed vigorously, and resulted in the treaty which was signed at St. Germain-en-Laye, March 29, 1632. Canada became again a French colony, and the way was open to resume work among the native tribes.

He returns to Canada

Two Jesuits, Paul Le Jeune and Anne de Nouë, were sent at once to Canada, while Brébeuf, notwithstanding his ardent supplications, had to wait another year. He sailed from Dieppe, March 23, 1633, his ship casting anchor before Quebec two months later. He had hardly set foot on Canadian soil when he started for the Huron country, but difficulties again barred his way. The Algonquins of Allumette Island, through whose country the Hurons had

to pass on their way up and down, had grown jealous of the trade relations which had sprung up between the latter and the French, and they feared the influence of the missionaries. They threatened violence to the Black-gowns if they persevered in their intention to make the journey; and yet Le Jeune wrote: "I never saw more resolute men than Brébeuf and his companions when told that they might lose their lives on the way." Prudence, however, forbade risking the enmity of the Algonquins, possibly of closing indefinitely the route to the Huron country, and Brébeuf returned to Quebec, as he had done in 1625, to wait another year. He bowed his head to the will of God and resolved to find work near home.

The summer of 1634 found him at Three Rivers seeking anew the opportunity to embark for Huronia. The objections put forward the previous year by the Indians were again resorted to, but a few presents smoothed the negotiation and the zealous missionary found a place in one of their canoes. "Never did I witness a start," he wrote, "about which there was so much quibbling and opposition, all, I believe, being the tactics of the enemy of man's salvation. It was by a providential chance that we managed to get away, and by the power of glorious St. Joseph in whose honor God inspired me in my despair to offer twenty Masses." While on his way westward with Fathers Daniel and Davost, he wrote to Le Jeune, "We are going by short stages, and we are quite well. We paddle all day because our savages are sick. What ought we not to do for God and for souls redeemed by the Blood of His Son ?... Your Reverence will excuse this writing, order and all; we start so early in the morning, lie down so late and paddle so continually, that we hardly have time for our prayers. Indeed I have been obliged to finish this letter by the light of the fire."

Is again with the Hurons

The missionaries travelled in separate canoes, and had been gone a few days when news reached Quebec—news which could not be verified—that Brébeuf was suffering greatly and that Daniel had died of starvation. Le Jeune exclaimed when he heard it, "If Father de Brébeuf should die, the little we know of the Huron tongue will be lost, and then we shall have to begin over again, thus retarding the fruits that we wish to gather on this mission." Happily the news turned out to be false, and on the feast of Our Lady of the Snows, August 5, 1634, after thirty days' travel, Brébeuf landed alone on the beach where he had first set foot on Huron territory eight years before. Confiding in the help of the Guardian Angels of the country, he trudged on alone over a trail overgrown and deserted, and finally he was able to contemplate, with tenderness and emotion, the spot where he had lived and celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass from 1626 to 1629.

But Toanché had disappeared, and after a short stay at Teandeouiata, awaiting the arrival of Daniel and Davost, he and his two companions settled at Ihonatiria[1] on the north shore of the peninsula. Brébeuf's previous knowledge of the Huron tongue proved a valuable asset now; he began to visit the cabins, instructing adults and baptizing children. He gathered the Indians together, and then, clothed in surplice and biretta—to give majesty to his appearance, he remarked—he taught them the Sign of the Cross, the Commandments of God and prayers in their own tongue. On Sundays he assembled them in his cabin to hear Mass and to answer questions in the catechism. Little presents given to the children enkindled in them so great a desire to learn that, the *Relations* inform us, there was not one in Ihonatiria who did not wish to be taught; and as they were all fairly intelligent, they made quite

1 Father Jones places Ihonatiria in the immediate neighborhood of Todd's Point, lot 6, concession xx, xxi, Tiny township. (For his proofs, cf. *Old Huronia*, pp. 28-31.)

rapid progress. The fruits were being gathered in slowly. "They would be greater," Father de Brébeuf asserted, "if I could only leave this village and visit others." Accordingly he made flying visits to the Tobacco nation and to Teanaostaye,[2] the largest settlement of the Cord clan. He summed up the results in a letter dated June 16, 1636, claiming eighty baptisms in 1635, whilst he had only fourteen the year before.

Success in the ministry

The missionaries were growing more numerous, and the moment was favorable for greater apostolic activity. The Huron flotilla brought up a couple of Jesuits every year who, as soon as they secured a smattering of the languge, began to instruct and baptize in many of the hamlets with which the country was dotted. Ossossane, the largest village of the Bear clan, situated on Nottawasaga Bay, became a residence.[1]

In 1637, a strange pestilence visited the Huron nation and carried hundreds of Indians to the grave. The sorcerers, whose influence among their people was supreme and who feared a loss of prestige, laid the blame of this scourge on the Black-gowns. Every motive was seized upon to accuse them, and the lives of isolation and hardship which those devoted men underwent were to have an aftermath in persecution. Brébeuf was declared to be a dangerous sorcerer, in fact the most dangerous in the country; he was held responsible for the calamities that were weighing heavily on the tribe. Not merely the death of their fellow-Indians, but the

Persecuted by the Huron savages

2 This village, known as St. Joseph II, was situated on the Flanagan farm, west half of lot 7, concession iv, Medonte township. (Cf. Jones' *Old Huronia*, p. 19, and fig. 1, plate p. 21.)

1 Known as La Rochelle by the French fur traders, and by the missionaries as the residence of the Immaculate Conception. The four successive sites of Ossossanë all lay in the neighborhood of Warwood Point on Nottawasaga Bay. (Cf. Jones' *Old Huronia*, p. 27.)

absence of rain, the failure of crops and lack of success on the chase, were laid at his door by the malcontents, who more than once threatened to cleave his head with a tomahawk. Affairs had assumed so serious a turn in the autumn of 1637, and Brébeuf was so convinced that his hour had come, that he wrote to his superior in Quebec a farewell letter, revealing the greatest resignation to whatever fate God might have in store for him.

Wishing to show the superstitious Huron Indians his utter contempt for his own safety and the little value he placed on this miserable life, he invited them to what the savages called a "farewell feast", which those condemned to death were accustomed to provide. Many accepted the invitation and listened in mournful silence while the holy man told them that death had no terrors for him, that it meant eternal life for himself and his brethren; but he warned the Hurons of the crime they were about to commit. Meanwhile the days slipped away quietly, without any act of violence. A complete change had taken place in the hearts of the wretched Hurons, a change which Father de Brébeuf attributed to the intercession of St. Joseph in whose honor the missionaries had vowed to say Mass for nine consecutive days.

Happy results of a vow

The arrival of Jerome Lalemant, in the summer of 1638, to replace Brébeuf as superior of the Huron mission, gave the latter greater freedom to go from village to village. Ihonatiria had been abandoned; Ossossane had become the chief residence of the Bear clan; a residence had also been established at Teanaostaye. On these two centers of population depended many minor villages, and with the help of new recruits a crusade was started throughout the length and breadth of Huronia. Numerous striking conversions are recorded in the *Relations*, showing that sorcery and native superstition were losing their hold

on the tribe, and that an era of further expansion would have ensued had not the Iroquois begun their depredations. Those inveterate enemies of the Hurons had become active and irritating. Their presence was a menace both to the missionaries and their neophytes, and it was decided to build a permanent residence and fortify it strongly enough to resist the attacks of those cunning foes of both French and Hurons. The result of this decision was Fort Ste. Marie on the Wye river, built in 1639, a "home of peace" which, while it would protect the missionaries from their enemies, would also be a shelter where they could retire occasionally and recuperate their physical and spiritual strength.[1]

The central residence

The plans of the missionaries were being carried out harmoniously; the work of catechising the Hurons was going on vigorously, when a new scourge swept down on that unfortunate race. Small-pox appeared and began to ravage Ossossane, Teanaostaye and dependent villages. As usual the Black-gowns were held responsible for the new pestilence, and Brébeuf, who was looked on as the chief of the French sorcerers, had the lion's share of savage resentment. An accident, the fracture of his shoulder-blade, which happened to him during a visit to the Neutral nation along Lake Erie, in 1641, obliged him to go to Quebec for treatment; he did not return to the Huron country until 1644.

Many changes had taken place there in those three years. The incursions of the Iroquois had become more frequent. Small detachments were often encountered; everywhere they were leaving behind them a trail of blood. The terrified Hurons palisaded their villages and took precautions, as best as they could, against those onslaughts. As if they

1 This venerable spot is well known. The foundations may still be seen at Old Fort, on the Grand Trunk Railway, three miles from Midland, Ont.

had a presentiment of their coming doom and wishing to meet it fully prepared, they flocked around the Fathers in greater numbers than ever to hear the Word of Life. Although in constant peril Brébeuf and his fellow-missionaries went from village to village, spending themselves in this arduous work. The harvest was growing; hundreds were clamoring for baptism. But amid their consolations the Jesuits saw that the clouds were lowering; disaster was following disaster; and all, even the missionaries themselves, were at a loss to say what the future would bring forth. They were soon to learn.

Iroquois depredations

There were now eighteen Jesuits actively engaged among the Hurons, one of these being Gabriel Lalemant, who had arrived only in September, 1648. He had been sent to live with Father de Brébeuf at St. Ignace, a small village which had been removed the previous winter to a strongly fortified site,[1] about three miles nearer Fort Ste. Marie. It was there, in March, 1649, that the supreme sacrifice, so long sought for, awaited Brébeuf and his companion. Both missionaries happened to be at the neighboring village of St. Louis,[2] three miles away, instructing the neophytes, when, at early dawn of March 16, fully a thousand Iroquois stealthily approached St. Ignace. They flung themselves on the unsuspecting and unprepared Hurons, murdering and making prisoners of them all. Only three escaped and hurried to St. Louis to warn Father de Brébeuf and the people; but at their

1 Identified by Father Jones, in 1903, on the Campbell farm, east of lot 4, concession vii, Tay township. The spot is now known as Fort St. Ignace, about a mile from the C. P. R. station of the same name. This is the site of the shrine built in honor of the Huron victims of the Iroquois. (Cf. Jones' *Old Huronia*, p. 121 et seq.)

2 Situated on the Newton farm, west half of lot 11, concession vi, of Tay township. Ash-beds, kitchen refuse, potsherds, etc., have been found there in abundance.

heels rushed the Iroquois, and another massacre took place at that village. Although the two Jesuits were urged repeatedly to flee and save themselves, they refused to do so. They were then seized, bound and brought back to St. Ignace, where their inhuman captors had already made preparations for their torture and death.

Brébreuf is a prisoner

Christopher Regnaut, a domestic who helped to bring the charred bodies back to Fort Ste. Marie, three days after the tragedy, has left us a thrilling account, gathered from the lips of the Huron Christians who had escaped, of the barbarous treatment the two holy missionaries received.[1] "They (the Iroquois) took them both and stripped them entirely naked and fastened each to a post. They tied both their hands together. They tore the nails from their fingers. They beat them with a shower of blows with sticks on their shoulders, loins, legs and face, no part of their body being exempt from this torment. Although Father de Brébeuf was overwhelmed by the weight of these blows, the holy man did not cease to speak of God and to encourage his fellow-captives to suffer well that they might die well... Whilst he was thus encouraging these good people, a wretched Huron renegade, who had remained a captive with the Iroquois, and whom Father de Brébeuf had formerly instructed and baptized, hearing him speak of Paradise and holy baptism, was irritated and said to him, '*Echon*,' (Father de Brébeuf's Huron name) 'thou sayest that baptism and the sufferings of this life lead straight to Paradise; thou shalt go thither soon, for I am about to baptize thee and make thee suffer well, in order that thou mayest go sooner to thy Paradise.' The barbarian having said this, took a kettle full of boiling water which he poured over his head three different times

He endures cruel tortures

1 From a MS. obtained by Mr. Brymner, in Paris, in 1883, and now preserved in the Canadian Archives, Ottawa.

in derision of holy baptism. And each time that he baptized him in this manner the barbarian said to him, with bitter sarcasm, 'Go to Heaven, for thou art well baptized.' After that they made him suffer several other torments. The first was to heat hatchets red-hot and apply them to the loins and under the armpits. They made a collar of these red-hot hatchets and put it on the neck of the good Father. Here is the way I have seen the collar made for other prisoners : they heat six hatchets red-hot, take a stout withe, draw the two ends together, and then put it round the neck of the sufferer. I have seen no torment which moved me more to compassion than this; for you see a man, bound naked to a post, who, having this collar on his neck, knows not what posture to take. If he lean forward, the hatchets on the shoulder weigh more heavily on him; if he lean back, those on his breast make him suffer the same torment; if he keep erect, without leaning to one side or another, the burning axes, applied equally to both sides, give him a double torture. After that they put on him a belt full of pitch and resin, and set fire to it; this roasted his whole body. During all these torments Father de Brébeuf stood like a rock, insensible to fire and flame, which astonished all the blood-thirsty executioners who tormented him. His zeal was so great that he preached continually to those infidels to try to convert them. His tormentors were enraged against him for constantly speaking to them of God and of their conversion. To prevent him from speaking again of these things, they cut out his tongue and cut off his upper and lower lips. After that they set themselves to stripping the flesh from his legs, thighs and arms, to the very bone, and put it to roast before his eyes, in order to eat it. Whilst they were tormenting him in this manner the wretches derided him, saying, 'Thou seest well that we treat thee as a friend, since we shall be the cause of thy eternal happiness. Thank us, then, for these good

offices which we render thee, for the more thou shalt have suffered the more will thy God reward thee.' The monsters, seeing that the Father began to grow weak, made him sit down on the ground, and one of them, taking a knife, cut off the skin from his skull. Another barbarian, seeing that he would soon die, made an opening in the upper part of his chest, tore out his heart, roasted and ate it. Others came to drink his blood still warm, which they did with both hands, saying that Father de Brébeuf had been very brave to endure all the pain they had caused him, and that in drinking his blood they would become brave like him."

The supreme sacrifice

After several hours of these inhuman tortures, the holy apostle of the Hurons expired at four in the afternoon, March 16, 1649. He was fifty-six years of age, sixteen of which he had spent in the Canadian missions. His long and painful ministry was at last ended; nothing now remained but the charred and blackened bones and flesh of the heroic missionary. Several Frenchmen were sent from Fort Ste. Marie to bring back the bodies and give them Christian burial. They found at St. Ignace a spectacle of horror; or rather, as Ragueneau wrote, "the relics of that love of God which alone triumphs in the death of martyrs." "I would gladly call them by that glorious name," he asserted in the *Relation* of 1640, "if I were allowed to do so, not merely because for the love and the salvation of their neighbor they voluntarily exposed themselves to death and to a cruel death, if ever there was one in the world—but much rather would I call them martys because... hatred for the faith and contempt for the name of God were among the most powerful incentives which influenced the minds of the barbarians to practise upon them as many cruelties as ever the rage of tyrants obliged martyrs to endure." "Not one of us

Ragueneau's testimony

could ever prevail upon himself to pray to God for them, as if they had had any need of prayer, but our minds were at once directed towards Heaven where we have no doubt their souls are."

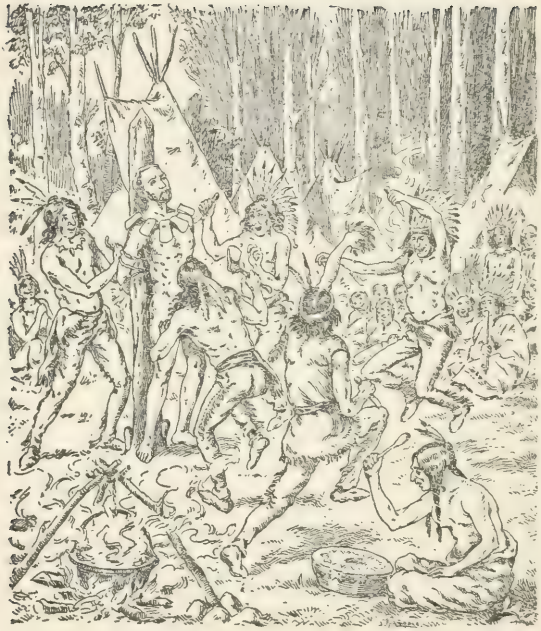
His relics are brought to Quebec

In 1650, when the Huron mission was abandoned forever, the bones of Fathers de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant were raised from the grave at Fort Ste. Marie and brought to Quebec, where they were held in high veneration. A rich silver reliquary was sent from France—probably by the Brébeuf family—to receive the skull of the venerable victim of the Iroquois. Other portions of his relics were distributed among the Canadian communities; others were sent to France. Few of these survived the depredations of the French Revolutions, but there is still a relic of Brébeuf honorably treasured in the Jesuit college at Canterbury, in England.

And yet it is well to say that perhaps the most precious heirloom that has come down to us of this venerable servant of God is the story of his life and labors which has been preserved in the *Jesuit Relations*. This monumental record of the heroism of the early Canadian missionaries has always excited the admiratian of historians. Not all of them, however,—notably Parkman—have done complete justice to the lofty motives which could inspire a man like Brébeuf to bury himself in the forests along Georgian Bay and finally sacrifice his life—all he had to sacrifice—for the conversion of the aborigines of New France. Others, better qualified to judge, have been fairer to his memory, when they credit the grace of God with his victories and make him say with St. Paul, "I can do all in Him who strengtheneth me." "His death," wrote Paul Ragueneau, his superior, "has crowned his life, and perseverance has been the seal of his holiness. He died while preaching and exercising truly apostolic offices, and by a death which the first Apostle of the Hurons deserved."

John de Brébeuf was looked on a martyr from time of his heroic death, and he would have been proclaimed a martyr even from that moment had his contemporaries dared to forestall the infallible decision of the Church. The veneration in which he and his fellow-Jesuits, victims of the Iroquois, was held urged the Archbishop of Rouen, three years later, to secure authenticated evidence of the heroism of their virtues. A precious MS. dated 1652, the contents of which are attested under oath by Father Ragueneau, is still extant to show that the *Relations* did not exaggerate "Brébeuf's gentleness which won all hearts, his courage truly generous in enterprises, his long suffering in awaiting the moments of God, his patience in enduring everything, his zeal in undertaking everything he saw was for the glory of God."

Nor has the veneration given from the earliest years to this victim of Iroquois cruelty yielded to the dissolving influences of time. Over two centuries and a half have elapsed since the dim tragedy was enacted at Bourg St. Ignace, Simcoe county, Ontario, and the name of John de Brébeuf is still a household word in every home in America. The hope of seeing him and his companions some day on the altar urged the Canadian Bishops assembled in council at Quebec, in 1886, to petition the Holy See to permit the Cause of their Beatification to be introduced. Already much progress has been made in this necessarily slow work. Meanwhile the instances of the intercessory power of John de Brébeuf and his companions, manifested in favor of the sick and infirm, are being carefully gathered and sifted. Let us hope that they will become sufficiently evident to justify the Holy See in conferring on those heroic missionaries the honors of the Beatified.



FATHER GABRIEL LALEMANT

Slain by the Iroquois, March 17, 1649

Father Gabriel Lalemant

VICTIM OF THE IROQUOIS

THE name of Lalemant is well known in the missionary annals of New France. During the second quarter of the seventeenth century three of this family, members of the Society of Jesus, came to Canada and distinguished themselves in the work of spreading the Catholic faith among the native tribes. They were pioneers in this country, men who labored and suffered for their common Master; and when they died they left behind them memories which are still precious to all students of our early history. The first of these was Charles Lalemant, who arrived at Quebec when the Recollects called the Jesuits to their aid in 1625. He heads the list of that long line of Jesuit superiors who guided the labors of their religious brethren in Canada uninterruptedly for one hundred and seventy-five years, that is, until the complete extinction of the old Order in the first year of the nineteenth century.[1] The second, Jerome Lalemant, brother of Charles, is undoubtedly one the most illustrious figures in the history of New France. He reached Canada in 1638 and went immediately to the Huron country, where he succeeded John de Brébeuf as superior. During his seven years' occupancy of that office he built Fort Ste. Marie, the foundations of which are still visible on the shore of Georgian Bay, systematized the work of evangelization among the Hurons, and extended the influence

A family of missionaries

1 The Jesuits did not return to Canada until 1842.

of the missionaries far and wide. In 1645 he returned to Quebec to superintend all the Jesuit missions in New France, fulfilling that duty from 1645 to 1650, and again from 1659 to 1665. We have from his pen the Huron *Relations* from 1639 to 1643 and the more elaborate *Relations of New France* from 1646 to 1649 and from 1660 to 1664.

It was reserved, however, for Gabriel Lalemant, the nephew of Charles and Jerome, to give still greater luster to the name of this excellent family by the heroic death he suffered at the hands of the savage Iroquois in March, 1649. After having spent barely three years in this portion of the Master's vineyard, he received the highest reward that God can give a servant here below, death for His sake. "Being made perfect in a short space he fulfilled a long time: for his soul pleased God; therefore He hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities." (Wis. iv, 13. 14.)

Gabriel Lalemant's early years

Gabriel was a native of Paris, where his father, a lawyer, held an office of some importance in Parliament. He was born on October 10, 1610, and was the youngest son in a family of six children. From his earliest years he aspired to the foreign apostolate, and with that end in view consecrated his life to God in the Society of Jesus. On March 14, 1630, though not yet twenty years of age, and delicate in health, he entered the novitiate at Paris, there to lay the foundation of his sanctity.

The young man had chosen the proper outlet for his future missionary activities; his Jesuit brethren were at the full tide of their apostolic expansion. They had already penetrated Asia, Africa and South America. France, even then the fruitful mother of missionaries, was sending her soldiers of the Cross into the foreign fields; several of them had begun their labors among the native

tribes in the new colony beyond the Atlantic. Unhappily, the seizure of Quebec by the English corsair, David Kerkt, in 1629, had deprived France of her possessions on the St. Lawrence and had compelled the Jesuits living there to abandon their work and return home. But the Jesuits themselves felt that this was only a temporary interruption. The active negotiations that were actually under way between Cardinal Richelieu and Charles I. of England, buoyed up their hopes, and they made no secret of their keenness to return as soon as the colony was restored.

All these topics were familiar to the young Jesuit novice in Paris, and often helped to carry him in spirit across the Atlantic to New France. Besides, the visits he received from his uncle Charles, who had already tasted the trials of Canadian missionary life and who was then in Paris, after his escape from shipwreck on the Acadian coast, had undoubtedly given Gabriel vivid pictures of the life led among the Indians and filled him with the desire of sharing in it some day. He had more than once expressed this desire formally, and asked his superiors to be considered a future missionary of New France. His holy ambition, however, brought opposition from his own family, who did not relish the departure to the ends of the earth, even in after years, of one so well loved. And yet his later life showed that considerations of this kind could have had little weight with Gabriel Lalemant; he was not one to allow the ties of flesh and blood to stand between him and duty. While his affection for his family had not cooled on entering the Jesuit Order, the religious training he was receiving in the novitiate was teaching him how to purify this natural sentiment and subordinate it to the higher love he owed to God. The following passage, found among his writings after his death, gives the true character of his love for his own. "I am indebted to my relations, to my mother," he

He asks for the missions

wrote, " and to my brothers, and I must try to draw down on them the mercy of God. Never permit, O God, that any of my family, for whom Thou hast shown so much love, perish in Thy sight, or that there be one amongst them who will blaspheme Thee for eternity. Let me be a victim for them ! *Quoniam ego in flagella paratus sum: hic ure, hic seca, ut in aeternum parcas !*"

These were the sentiments which animated Lalemant when he entered on his religious career; and yet one is at a loss to find a reason for the young man's ardent prayer, for the later life of Gabriel's family was a striking instance of sacrifice and religious fervor. After the death of her husband, which occurred while her children were still in minor age, Madame Lalemant had evidently taken to heart the task of bringing them up conformably to the Divine will. With the exception of a son who remained in civil life and attained eminence at the Parisian bar, all the other members of the family consecrated themselves to God in the religious state. The oldest son, Bruno, became a Carthusian monk; two daughters entered the convent of the Assumption in Paris, while another adopted the strict rule of the Carmelite nuns shortly before Gabriel entered the Jesuit Order. And to put a fitting crown to this edifying holocaust of her family, when the news reached Paris that her son Gabriel had shed his blood for the faith, Madame Lalemant herself retired behind the cloister of the Recolletines and gave up the rest of her life to prayer and meditation.

Gabriel Lalemant completed his novitiate and pronounced his three vows in 1632. Evidently obeying a Divine inspiration he obtained from his superiors at the same time the permission to add a fourth vow to consecrate himself to the foreign missions. But while he persevered unflinchingly in this determination, Heaven

desired to prepare him well for the great sacrifice he would one day be called to make; sixteen years were to elapse before he saw the realization of his holy wishes. During this long period the future victim of the Iroquois was employed in colleges in France exercising the various functions of his Order. Owing either to his frail health or to the thoroughness of the classical studies he had made previous to his admission, he was sent immediately after his novice-ship to teach in the college at Moulins. In the Jesuit system of formation, if age or health be not an obstacle, members of the Order rarely pass to their higher studies and the priesthood without a preliminary halt in colleges of four or five years. The reason is evident; barring actual contact with the world and worldlings, nowhere may one study human nature to better advantage than in the din and battle of college life. The same clashing of temperaments, the same ambitions, the same craving for success, that one meets in the outside world, are active in the throbbing hearts of students on their way to manhood. A young Jesuit professor, therefore, gains experience in the class-room or on the playground that is of life-long utility; he has ample opportunities for character study which will serve him well in the ministry of after-life.

He prepares for his future work

Lalemant was employed three years in this important work before he was sent to study for the prieshood at Bourges where he was ordained in 1638. The following year he was appointed prefect of students in the famous college at La Fleche, and in 1641, professor of philosophy at Moulins. He was employed as prefect in the college at Bourges, in 1646, when the news, so anxiously looked for and so long put off, reached him that he had been chosen for the Canadian missions. His delicate health had apparently been the cause of the long

And sets out for New France

delay. "He had been for several years," the *Relations* tell us, " asking God, with tears and sighs, to be sent to these far-away missions, but his body had not the strength except that given by the Spirit of God and his desire to suffer for His name." However, the long, weary sixteen years of intense desire had at last ended, and he joyfully prepared for his journey across the ocean. He quitted France during the same summer and after a tedious voyage of nearly three months' duration, landed at Quebec where his uncle Jerome Lalemant, the superior of all the Canadian missions, gave him a generous welcome.

Fourteen years had elapsed since the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye had restored Canada to France, in 1632. The Jesuits, who returned to these shores as soon as the treaty was signed, were passing through a period of ferverish activity. Quebec had possessed a college since 1635; residences had been established at Tadousac, Three Rivers and Montreal; fresh accessions of missionaries, arriving from France every summer, had enabled the Order to spread over an immense territory and give their services to many natives tribes. Jesuits were found at work on both banks of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers and along the Great Lakes. They had missions in Acadia, and were preparing to establish others in Maine and on the reserves in New York State. They were evangelizing and gathering in converts to the Christian faith among the Hurons, Montagnais, Abenakis, Ottawas, Algonquins, Otchipwes and Iroquois. Several of them had known what it was to suffer for Christ; Bressani, Jogues, and Goupil had already given testimony even unto blood for the faith that was in them.

Missionary activities

These results had been accomplished when Gabriel Lalemant reached Quebec in September, 1646. Carried away by his enthusiasm, his first impulse was to start at once for some Indian tribe or other to begin the study

of the language, but his superior, Jerome Lalemant, moved by the prudence which was the result of long experience, put a curb on his nephew's excessive zeal and found work for him to do nearer home, during two years, among the French colonists in Quebec, Sillery, Beauport and Three Rivers. The *Journal des Jésuites* recalls various incidents which help us to follow his career during those two years. On Christmas Day, 1646, he said Mass at the Ursulines, in Quebec; on the last day of the same year he was present, with other Fathers, at a representation of the *Cid* given in honor of the Governor de Montmagny; he preached every Sunday at Beauport during the Lenten season of 1647; he went to Three Rivers in September to exercise the ministry, a fact which is attested by entries in the baptismal register still carefully preserved there. He returned to Quebec later on, for we find him in the following summer, 1648, taking part in the procession on Corpus Christi.

Lalemant's first labors

While the young missionary was destined ultimately for some mission among the native tribes, it was apparently not the intention of his superior that he should go to the Hurons. This conclusion may be gathered from other entries in the *Journal des Jésuites.* At the date, July 16th, 1647, Jerome Lalemant writes that when Father Le Jeune returned from Montreal he consulted him on several topics; among these were the safety of the Huron route, the sending of supplies to missionaries, and the disposal of the services of Gabriel Lalemant. Although the Huron route was infested by Iroquois marauders, it was decided that some one should risk the journey at the first favorable opportunity and carry succor to Huronia; but it was also decided that Father Gabriel should betake himself to the Montagnais, a peaceful tribe living on the Lower St. Lawrence, and too far away from the ferocious Iroquois to be molested by them. One might ask, had

Lalemant gone to live with the Montagnais would the crown of martyrdom awaiting him in the Huron country ever have been his? And, besides, how would the great desire of his life have been accomplished? Among his writings found after his death, it was learned that "before coming to Canada he had consecrated himself to our Lord for the purpose of receiving from His hand a violent death either in exposing himself among the plague-stricken in Old France or in seeking to save the souls of savages in the New"—with the added clause that he would esteem it a favor if he were allowed to die for God's glory in the flower of his age.

Providence evidently had its own designs on the career of this privileged soul.

> Behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
> Watch above His own.

The favor that Gabriel Lalemant so ardently desired was to be granted him in all its fullness. The mission to the peaceful Montagnais was cancelled, and he was allowed to leave Quebec on July 24th, 1648, for Three Rivers to join the Hurons on their return homewards. On the 6th of August, a flotilla of fifty or sixty canoes started from that trading post near the St. Maurice to begin the long journey of seven hundred miles to the shore of Georgian Bay. Thirty years had elapsed since the first missionary, the Recollect Joseph le Caron had gone over this route for the first time, a route which was now as familiar to the French as it had been to the Indians for centuries. Every cape and rock and rapid had a local habitation and a name well known to missionary and fur-trader; but unhappily a knowledge of the topography of the route that led to the Huron country did not diminish the sufferings the Europeans had to undergo, or minimize the dangers that were always imminent.

He goes to the Hurons

Paddling up the St. Lawrence, Lalemant's frail bark canoe entered the Rivière des Prairies at the foot of the Island of Montreal. After surmounting the rapid at Sault au Recollet, the first of the thirty-five he was to meet, he floated out into the pleasant Lake of Two Mountains. A few more hours brought him to the main body of the Ottawa River, flowing through a wilderness of pine and maple trees, and easy recognized by the murky color of its waters. Skipping the Long Sault at Carillon, a spot destined a few years later, through the heroic resistance of Dollard and his seventeen companions against a legion of Iroquois, to become the Thermopylae of New France Lalemant moved in close to the shore, not merely to avoid the stronger currents of the mid-stream, but rather to let the panorama of water and islands, of bare rock and luxurious vegetation, pass quickly and silently before his wondering eyes. After three or four days' steady work, the sound of falling waters was heard, a sound familiar to the savage ear but strange and not unwelcome music to the young missionary. A glance to the left revealed to him a small stream tumbling over a cliff and paying the gracious tribute of its waters to the larger river beneath. This was Rideau Fall on the present site of the city of Ottawa. But a more imposing view awaited him a little further on. While passing at the foot of what is now Parliament Hill, a distant rumbling sound told him that he was approaching the famous Asticou of the savages, known even in those times, as it is today, by the name which Champlain had given it thirty years before—the "Chaudière" or "Big Kettle"—where the entire Ottawa River hurls itself with terrific force over a semi-circular cliff into a seething pit below. Long before the mass of waters reaches the brink of this precipice, it is broken by rocks and islands; but then, deep and treach-

Difficulties of the route

Its dangers and fatigues

erously silent, it rushes onward in its mad career, carrying to destruction whatever falls in its way. Many a tragedy was enacted at this spot in those early times, and no Huron or Algonquin ever passed up or down the river without chanting his superstitious dirge or offering his sacrifice of tobacco leaves to appease the angry genius of the fall.

The course of the Ottawa thenceforward was broken by many rapids and obstructions, and must have wasted the physical strength as well as exercised the patience of the delicate Lalemant who was forced to land and pack his burden over the trails as the wiry Hurons themselves had to do. "When these rapids and torrents are reached", wrote Brébeuf, thirteen years before, "one must land and carry on his shoulder, through the forest or over high rocks, all the baggage and the canoes. This is not accomplished without great labor, for there are portages one and two and three leagues long, and for each, several trips back and forth must be made, no matter how few our bundles may be. In some places where the current is as violent as the rapids, though easier at the outset, the savages get into the water and haul their canoes after them. This is a dangerous operation, for they sometimes sink up to the neck; they are then obliged to abandon their canoes and save themselves as best they can." The intervals of excessive work were the portaging when the canoes were usually swung over the heads of the more muscular Hurons, who let the weight rest on their shoulders, and then started off over the trails to the smoother waters above.

Incidents on the way

Portaging was undoubtedly the hardest task the missionaries had to endure on their tiresome journeys westward, and after one of those fatiguing spells both Indian and white men rested for a few hours, usually for the night. The Recollect Sagard, who wrote from experience,

gives us a graphic description of a night's repose on the Ottawa route. "The savages' first care," he tells us, "was to look for a spot where they could find dry wood to make their fire and prepare supper. Once the spot was chosen, they carried up their canoes, packages and everything belonging to them, and set to work immediately to prepare for the night. One went to gather dry wood, another to cut poles for the cabins, another to strike fire, another to set over the fire the pot which was attached to a stick driven into the earth, another to look for two flat stones to grind the corn with which to make *sagamité*. When the poles were raised rolls of birch bark were stretched over them, and the bundles of merchandise were placed around inside, while the canoes were turned upside down and left outside. Then each savage took his place within the cabin, his back leaning against the bundles, stretched himself, and indulged in a smoke with a pipe until the pot of corn began to boil. Once the *sagamité* was ready, each savage received his share in a bark dipper, which he carried with him as part of his personal baggage. After supper they lay down to sleep on the ground, usually on a skin covering a few cedar branches. At dawn they were at work again preparing for their day's journey by another meal of corn, rolling up their birch bark and replacing their bundles in the canoes."[1]

It is doubtful whether Gabriel Lalemant had to use the paddle or not. After 1634 the Jesuits provided their Huron missionaries with a sail which they could attach to their canoes; but even that slight improvement dit not lessen the torment of sitting at the bottom of those frail vessels for five or six weeks at a time. At last, in the beginning of September, 1648, after his wearying journey up the Ottawa, across Lake Nipissing and dawn the French River, Gabriel Lalemant reached Fort Ste. Marie, the head-

1 Sagard: *Histoire du Canada*, p. 183.

quarters of the Jesuits in Huronia. This residence, built by his uncle Jerome in 1639, nine years before, was accomplishing the purpose for which it was intended. "It is a resort for the whole country," wrote Paul Ragueneau, "where the Christians find a hospital when sick, a refuge when panic-stricken, and a shelter when they come to visit us. During the past year we have counted over three thousand persons to whom we have given hospitality, and sometimes within a fortnight to from six to seven hundred Christians, which as a rule means three meals to each one. This does not include a large number who come continually and pass the whole day and to whom we give charity." "As a rule only two or three of our Fathers reside in this house," he wrote elsewhere; "the others are scattered throughout the missions, now ten in number... A single Father has at times to take charge of ten or twelve villages; some have to range much further, over eighty or a hundred leagues... We try, however, to meet together two or three times a year in order to commune with ourselves, to think of God alone in the repose of prayer, and afterwards to confer together respecting the means and light that experience and the Holy Spirit continue to give us daily to make the conversion of those peoples easier for us. After that we must hurry back to our work as soon as possible."

He reaches Huronia

The Huron flotilla of 1648 brought up a large contingent to strengthen the missionary forces. Besides Gabriel Lalemant, there were among the new arrivals, Fathers Joseph Bressani, Adrian Greslon, Daran, two coadjutor brothers, and several laymen who were to be employed in various functions. "We number forty-two Frenchmen in the midst of all these unbelieving nations," wrote Father Ragueneau in 1648; "eighteen of our Society; the remainder are picked men, most of whom have made up their minds to live and die with us." The newly arrived

Fathers devoted themselves during the first months in Huronia to the study of the language and acted as assistants to the missionaries in the principal villages.

One of the chief villages with a resident missionary was St. Ignace, a village known in Huron as Taenhatentaron.[1] It had been established only about three years, and is first mentioned in the *Relation* of 1645; but during that short period it had become an important center of Gospel activity. Its distance, however, from Fort Ste. Marie and its exposed position made it an easy mark for the Iroquois who for over a year had been spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. The whole country was threatened in the summer of 1647 by an army of these marauders. Three hundred had attacked a village of the Neutral nation and massacred or made prisoners all who dared to resist. This onslaught intimated to the Hurons further north what was in store for them, and, in fact, the following spring, while three hundred Hurons, "nearly all Christians who had come together the better to say their prayers night and morning, who lived in innocence and spread everywhere the sweet odor of Christianity," were encamped in the woods near St. Ignace, they fell a prey to the treacherous Iroquois, who killed seven on the spot and carried of twenty-four into captivity.

He is named to assist F.de Brébeuf

Looking on this ominous visit as the prelude to others in the near future, Father de Brébeuf, who had charge of the mission of St. Ignace, decided to transfer his neophytes to a spot nearer Fort Ste. Marie, where they would have whatever protection the French could give. The site chosen for the new residence of St. Ignace was an elevation located close to the border of a little stream emptying into Sturgeon Bay. It was fortified by nature

At St. Ignace village

1 Situated on the east half of lot 12, concession viii, J. Medonte township.

on three sides and required artificial strengthening only on the fourth side to make it relatively impregnable. Aided by French workmen the Hurons surrounded the top of this hill with a palisade of posts fifteen or sixteen feet high, and it is presumed that, having had Brébeuf for engineer, they profited by the practical lessons gained at Ossossane, and built their fort square with towers at the corners, thereby providing for defence even with a small garrison. This new village was called St. Ignace II, and the missionary in charge had supervision of the neighboring villages of Ste. Anne, St. Louis, St. Denis and St. John.[1] Thither the Hurons transferred their goods and chattels in the spring of 1648, and thither also went Father Gabriel Lalemant in February, 1649, as assistant to Father de Brébeuf.

Meanwhile the Iroquois had grown more aggressive. The Christians of the mission of St. John Baptist, at Cahiagué,[2] on the outskirts of the tribe, were obliged to disband and betake themselves to more populous centers. The massacre of Father Daniel and his people at Teanaostaye, in July, 1648, served as a warning to the neophytes and catechumens of the various villages to prepare for the worst. It served also as an incentive for them to lead better lives, and, as a result, a wave of fervor swept over the land. Ragueneau tells us that between July, 1648, and the following March the Fathers baptized more than fourteen hundred Hurons.

Iroquois massacres

Worried beyond measure by the uncertainties of the moment, the Jesuits took every precaution to safeguard the interests of their Christians. Regardless of their own safety they went from village to village to give spiri-

1 The sites of these Huron villages have all been located. (Cf. Jones: *Old Huronia*, p. 263.)

2 East half of lot 20, concession x, of Oro township.

tual strength to their wards and prepare them to die well if that crisis were reached. Missionaries as well as savages had a presentiment that they were on the eve of a catastrophe, and no one was penetrated with this feeling more deeply than Gabriel Lalemant who had long before acquiesced, if necessary, in the sacrifice of his life. "My Jesus and my Love," he wrote, "Thy Blood, shed for barbarians as well as for us, must be efficaciously applied for their salvation. Aided by Thy grace, I offer myself to co-operate in this work and to sacrifice myself for them."

Lalemant offers his life

God was about to accept this co-operation and this sacrifice made out of pure love for Him; the supreme moment had at last arrived. During the first days of March, 1649, the Iroquois, numbering about a thousand strong and well equipped with firearms which they had obtained from the Dutch, had arrived on the frontier of Huronia. They had started from their own country along the Mohawk in the autumn of 1648; had lived by hunting on the way during the winter, and were ready for operations in the spring. At dawn on March 16, they attacked the palisade of St. Ignace on its weakest side, and so stealthily did they do their work that they were masters of the place before the inmates had time to make any defence. They worked quickly and successfully; many Hurons were massacred during the onslaught; others were made captives, the losses amounting to about four hundred souls. Three men alone escaped and hurried across the snow to give the alarm to the neighboring village, St. Louis, about three miles away, where Brébeuf and Lalemant were stationed for the moment. Elated at their victory at St. Ignace, the Iroquois rushed to St. Louis to continue their carnage, but not before more than five hundred of the inhabitants, mostly women and children,

St. Ignace is attacked

had time to escape in the direction of Fort Ste. Marie. Eighty Huron warriors met the ferocious enemy outside the walls and killed thirty of the more daring. But the Iroquois had the advantage of numbers; they battered down the palisades with their tomahawks and opened passages for themselves to the interior of the stockade. The scene which ensued is one of the most heartrending in the history of the Huron missions. Beside themselves with rage at the opposition offered, the Iroquois aimed their blows at every Huron they met, and blood soon ran like water. During the massacre the Christians begged Fathers de Brébeuf and Lalemant to flee and save themselves. But these devoted pastors steadfastly refused to go away. The salvation of their flock was dearer to them than their own lives, and while the Iroquois were slaughtering and scalping their Huron children, the two Fathers stood in the midst of them, baptizing, giving them absolution and animating them to die nobly for the faith. However, in this unequal struggle the end came quickly. The few Hurons who still lived were seized and made prisoners by their cruel enemies, and with them Brébeuf and Lalemant who were specially reserved for torture. The Iroquois set fire to St. Louis, and then hurried back to St. Ignace with the Jesuits, whom they had stripped naked and bound with thongs. When the two prisoners reached the village they were obliged to run the gauntlet under a shower of blows on their shoulders, loins, legs, breasts and faces, there being no part of their bodies which did not endure this torment. Seeing some of his flock nearby, the heroic Brébeuf exclaimed : "My children raise your eyes to heaven in this affliction; remember that God is watching your sufferings and will soon be your exceeding great reward. Let us die together in the faith, and hope from His goodness the fulfilment of His promises. I pity you more than

The Jesuits refuse to escape

I do myself. Keep your courage up in the few remaining torments; these will end with our lives; the glory which follows them will have no end."

These earnest words consoled the Christians in their agonies, but irritated some Huron apostates who had been incorporated into the Iroquois tribe, and to show their resentment they cut off the saintly missionary's lips. They then tore off their finger-nails and pierced the flesh of both Brébeuf and Lalemant with sharp awls; they applied red-hot hatchets under their arm-pits, and put a necklace of them around their shoulders. In derision of holy baptism they poured kettles of boiling water on their quivering flesh until their entire bodies were bathed with it. At the same time they mocked them saying: "We baptise you so that you may be blessed in your heaven." Others added in derision, "Do we not treat you as friends since we shall be the cause of your greater happiness in Heaven? Thank us, then, for our good services, for the more you suffer the more your God will reward you." The more the tortures increased, the more the two sufferers entreated God to pardon those unfortunate renegades. While Brébeuf, impassive and lion-like, withstood the excruciating torments, his more delicate companion Lalemant raised his eyes to heaven and uttered sighs to God to come to his aid. The final episode of this awful tragedy was the tying of the two men to posts, when the Iroquois again applied flaming torches to their bodies, then gouged out their eyes and inserted burning coals in the empty sockets.

These tortures, seemingly beyond the power of human endurance, were soon to end for Brébeuf. He expired about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day of his capture; but his companion still lived. A cousin of Father Gabriel, also a missionary in Huronia, Father Poncet de la Rivière, writing two months later, to his

brother in France,[1] gives a few details which are not found in the *Relation* of 1649. He tells us that owing to Brébeuf's more perfect knowledge of the Huron tongue, it was this Father who instructed and heard the confessions of the Christians during the assault on St. Louis, while to Father Lalemant fell the task of administering most of the baptisms. The baptism of boiling water, therefore, which he received, was a form of torment most appropriate to him who was occupied chiefly in this apostolic function. Lalemant did not preach to the Hurons, and the barbarians did not cut off his lips as they did to Father Brébeuf, but they split his jaws, drew his mouth wide open and drove burning brands down his throat. A hatchet blow over his left ear penetrated the skull and left the brain exposed. Though he was completely charred with fire, the executioners left his body entire, so that his sufferings might be longer and more intense during the coming night.

His heroic end

Let this suffice; the pen refuses to enter into further details. But the reader will have remarked the strange paradox! While the powerful Brébeuf died after a few hours' agony, the frail Lalemant, he who had been a prey to physical weakness and ill health from childhood, withstood the tortures of the Iroquois for twelve hours longer. He gave up his soul to God only at nine o'clock the following morning, March 17th, 1649. When the precious remains of both victims were brought to Fort Ste. Marie, three days later, it was found that their breasts had been cut open. Their hearts had been torn out and had evidently been eaten by their captors. The two heroic Jesuits were buried on Sunday, March 21st, "with so much consolation," wrote Father Ragueneau, "and with such tender feelings of devotion in all who were present at the funeral, that

1 *Chroniques de l'Ordre du Carmel,* tom. iv.

I know of none who did not desire a similar fate rather than fear it... Not one of us could ever prevail upon himself to pray to God for them, as if they had any need of prayer; but our minds were at once directed towards heaven, where we had no doubt their souls had gone."

Thus ended the short but glorious career of the young French missionary. Barely seven months had elapsed since he reached Huronia and he had already borne off the crown. Although the last in the field, he had been chosen by God as one of the first victims to be sacrificed out of hatred of the Christian name. The news of the massacre did not reach Quebec until the following July; the *Journal des Jésuites*, at the date July 20th, 1649, has this simple entry: "The sad account of the destruction of the Hurons and of the martyrdom of three Fathers arrived tonight."[1]

Quebec hears the news

Father Jerome Lalemant did not leave to any one else the duty of announcing the news to the family in France. He wrote to the Carmelite sister of the victim to assure her that, far from deploring the event, she should glorify God. "What a happiness for our family!" he exclaimed... "It seems to me that the news should help you to raise your mind and heart to God. The baptisms of more than two thousand seven hundred savages—a ceremony which accompanied his death—proves that the blood he shed had a more than ordinary efficacy; I myself have felt on different occasions the effect of invoking him... And yet," he adds, "it is not we who make saints; the Church requires striking miracles. It is this that prevents me from listening to the demands of large numbers of devout persons (for relics). I cannot, however, refuse his sister a portion of the scalp torn from

The family notified

1 News travelled slowly in those days. The third Father was Anthony Daniel, slain the previous summer at Teanaostaye.

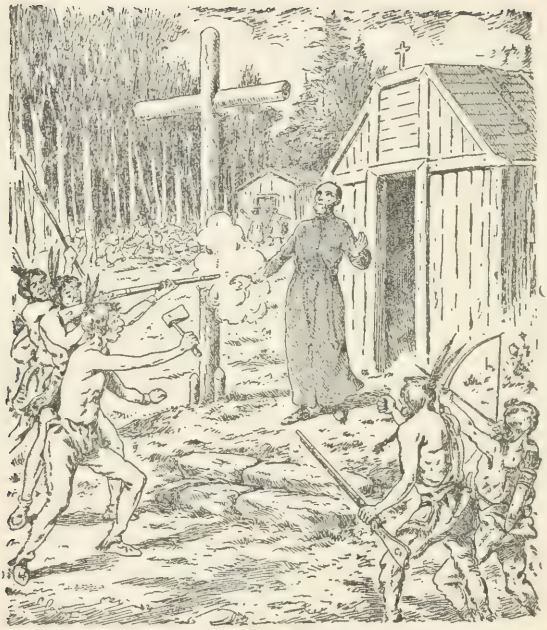
his head by his executioners... It bears the glorious marks impressed with iron on his frail and delicate body. There is nothing more to add. It is at his feet and at those of his good Master that we must learn to live and die."[2]

During nearly two hundred and eighty years the name of Lalemant, a man "almost too feeble to live but strong enough to die in torture without a murmur," coupled with that of the "towering Brébeuf whose enthusiasm would not shrink from the necklace of red-hot tomahawks that was in store for him,"[1] has become in American annals a synonym for heroism in suffering for Christ's name. To this admiration for the victim of the Iroquois, expressed by writers of all shades, should be added the element of devotion to his memory which is strong among Canadian Catholics. The Bishops of Canada assembled in council at Quebec, in 1886, sent a petition to the Holy See to permit the introduction of the Cause of his Beatification. Let us hope that the pious wish of the Church and her members in Canada may some day be gratified, that of seeing the name Gabriel Lalemant among the Beatified.

Reputation for holiness

2 *Chroniques de Paray du Carmel*, tom. iv. A relic of Gabriel Lalemant is honorably preserved in the Jesuit college at Canterbury, England.

1 Smith: *Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony*. New York, 1907, p. 17.



FATHER ANTHONY DANIEL

Slain by the Iroquois, July 4, 1648

Father Anthony Daniel

VICTIM OF THE IROQUOIS

ANTHONY Daniel, the first Jesuit to give his life for the faith in the Huron country, was born at Dieppe, in Normandy, May 27th, 1593. His parents had intended him for the bar, and after the completion of his classical studies he began a course of jurisprudence. But already the call to eschew worldly honors and riches had sounded in his ear; God was inspiring him to give himself to His service. Yielding to the supernatural impulse, the young student—then twenty-three years of age—threw aside his law-books and entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Rouen, in 1621 . After he had completed his two years of probation and made his religious profession, he was sent to the Jesuit college in the same city to begin the term of teaching and regency through which members of his Order usually pass before they proceed to the study of theology and the priesthood.

His early years and training

A circumstance, trivial in itself, occurring in these years, evidently turned the young professor's attention to the Canadian missions. In a letter to his brother Jerome from Quebec, in 1626, Father Charles Lalemant writes: "A little Huron is going to see you; he longs to visit France. He is very fond of us and manifests a strong desire to be instructed. It is important that he should be thoroughly satisfied; for if he is once well taught, he will make our way easy into the tribes where he will be useful." This interesting youth was Amantacha, a Huron, who was

First thoughts of Canada

taken to Rouen and baptized under the name of Louis de Sainte Foy, having as sponsors the Duc de Longueville and Madame de Villars. While at the college of Rouen his instruction was confided to Father Daniel, and the ease with which the young savage assimilated the knowledge provided for him undoubtedly excited his teacher's interest in the land whence he had come, and gave him the desire to work among the members of the Huron tribe. Other reasons also may explain Daniel's vocation. Charles Lalemant had returned to Paris in 1627; he was at the college of Clermont when Daniel reached there for his theology in the same year. The missionary and the young student undoubtedly met and gained each other's confidence. Besides, the "League of Prayer for the Canadian Missions" was active in those years in the famous Parisian college. When future apostles like Paul Le Jeune, Jerome Lalemant, Simon Le Moyne and others, could claim membership in it, there is little doubt but that Anthony Daniel was also of the number. After his ordination to the priesthood in 1630, the call of the Indian missions in Canada grew louder and more imperative, but he had to wait for two years at the college of Eu before he saw the accomplishment of his desire to cross the Atlantic.

He quits his native country

The occasion which presented itself in 1632 could hardly be more favorable. His brother, Charles Daniel, a sea captain in the employ of the De Caen Company, who had already distinguished himself along the coast of New France during the English occupation of Quebec, was about to sail for Cape Breton, and he offered carry his missionary brother with him. The latter, accompanied by Father Ambrose Davost, who had also volunteered for the Canada missions, set sail and arrived at St. Anne's Bay, in the summer of the same year. The two Jesuits had hardly landed when they began to exercise their ministry along the Bras d'Or estuary, among the few French colonists and fishermen who had been hitherto

deprived of spiritual succor. During a whole year they lived with those poor people, helping them to bear patiently their isolation, providing them with Mass and Sacraments and reconciling them to God.

This work, however, was only temporary. Both men were destined for the Huron missions on Georgian Bay and were called to Quebec by Paul Le Jeune to prepare for their future labors. They reached the little settlement on the St. Lawrence on June 24th, 1633, and there under the guidance of Father de Brébeuf who had returned to Canada the same summer, began to study the Huron tongue, without which their presence among the savages would be useless. It was the wish of all three to start for Georgian Bay immediately, but the danger of falling into the hands of lurking Iroquois along the route was always imminent, and they were dissuaded from undertaking the perilous journey. "I never saw more resolute men than Daniel and Davost when told that they might lose their lives on the road," wrote Le Jeune; "but as that would involve the French in war, it was agreed with M. de Champlain that the preservation of peace among the tribes was preferable to the consolation they would experience in dying. They put off their departure till the following year and decided to spend the interval in the study of the language. A few months later, their superior, Paul Le Jeune, gave them this testimonial: "Fathers Daniel and Davost are both quiet men. They have studied the Huron language thoroughly. I took care that they should not be diverted from this work which I believe to be of very great importance."

Spends a year in Quebec

In 1634 the three Jesuits set out for Huronia. Brébeuf had already been over the arduous route, and had had a bitter experience of the hardships suffered thereon, but

Daniel and Davost were to taste for the first time a journey which on this occasion, Brébeuf himself asserted, "was accompanied with more fatigues, losses and expenses than any former one." Their troubles began at the trading post of Three Rivers, the terminus of the Huron flotillas. When they reached there eleven canoes were already manned and about to start, but the savages showed great unwillingness to find room for the three Jesuits and their seven French workmen. It required the intervention of the commandant of the post, Duplessis-Bochart, coupled with several substantial presents, to find places in the canoes for them. Father Daniel had to be satisfied with a reduced amount of baggage, taking with him only what was necessary to say Mass with and the minor necessaries for life.

He goes to Huronia

Barefooted and armed with a paddle, the young missionary started out for his long journey up the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, across Lake Nipissing and down its great tributary the French River to Georgian Bay. Hunger and pain and sleeplessness were his portion during a whole month. A little Indian corn crushed between two stones and boiled in water was his food; the bare earth or a hard rock covered with a few branches, his bed; while his daily wading through water and mud during the long and tiring portages, the entanglements of the forest shrubbery, to which must be added the stings of insects and constant intercourse with filthy savages, rendered his plight painful indeed. The almost absolute silence which missionaries ignorant of the language had ordinarily to observe along the route was another great trial he had to undergo. Happily, Father Daniel had had a year's study of the Huron tongue; he could make himself understood well enough to let his Indian companions know how keenly he felt the injustice of the act they were to perpetrate

Trials met with on the way

when they reached the Algonquins on Allumette Island. There the Hurons had decided to abandon him to his fate and to start off without him, and his lot would have been a hard one had not a friendly captain from Ossossane overtaken the dissatisfied and mutinous crew and relieved them of their unwelcome guest for the rest of the journey.

Daniel's progress in the language gave him advantages fully appreciated by Brébeuf who had been an excellent master to him during his year in Quebec. In fact, Brébeuf generously wrote that, "the pupil knew the language as well as he," and Daniel gave a proof of his ability when he translated into Huron the Lord's Prayer and obliged the savages to learn it by heart and sing it—a method which helped him greatly in teaching them the rudiments of the faith. Daniel's proficiency in the tongue gave Brébeuf the occasion to set on foot a plan long contemplated by the missionaries.

Progress in the language

One of the projects that appealed to both the Jesuits, and to the Récollects who preceded them in those early years of the colony, was the training of the native children apart from their families. The devoted men were buoyed up with the hope that when those children had been fully instructed in the faith and in civilized ways, and had returned to their villages, their words and examples would raise the Christian religion in the esteem of their elders, and ultimately lead to their conversion. " I see no other way than that which your Reverence suggests," wrote Le Jeune,[1] "of sending a boy every year to France. Having been there two years he will return with a knowledge of our tongue, and having become accustomed to our ways, he will not leave us to return to his countrymen."

This experiment suggested by the superiors in Europe, of sending Huron youths to France was tried and deemed

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit. vol. vi, p. 85.

impracticable for many reasons, and some plan that could be carried out nearer home was resolved upon. "If a small seminary of a dozen or so of Hurons could be founded at Kebec," wrote Le Jeune, in the *Relation* of 1635, "in a few years incredible aid could be drawn from them to help in converting their fathers and in planting a flourishing Church in the Huron nation." "If we had only a fund for the purpose!" exclaimed the same writer elsewhere.[1] "We have marked out a little spot for the beginnings of the seminary while waiting until a special house will be erected for the purpose If we had one built, I have hopes that in a couple of years Father de Brébeuf could send us some children."

The seminary project

Meanwhile Brébeuf was not idle. He, too, had entered fully into the plan because it appealed to him; already, owing to his tact and the ascendency he had acquired over the tribe, he had secured the promise of twelve intelligent boys who should be sent to Quebec. The important task of taking the youths down to the colony and of acting as father and teacher to them while there, was entrusted to Father Anthony Daniel; and lest an accident should befall him on his journey down the Ottawa, Davost was named to accompany him. The date fixed for the departure was July 22nd, 1636, and everything was ready; but the missionaries had not reckoned on the inconstancy of the savage character or on the love of Huron parents for their offspring. The tears and wailings of the mothers became so eloquent at the moment of leaving that the boys refused to enter the canoes; of the twelve who promised only three could be prevailed upon to go.

He starts for Quebec

The journey promised to be rapid and pleasant, wrote Daniel to Duplessis-Bochart, and everything went well

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. ed.t., vol. vi, p. 81.

until the flotilla reached the nation of the Algonquins on Allumette Island. Those Indians were naturally jealous of the growing commercial relations of the Hurons with the French colony, and the sight of canoes laden with furs which had begun to pass down yearly excited their enmity. Besides, they had for years arrogantly claimed control of the Ottawa river and tried under various pretexts to hinder the passage of the Hurons. This year the specious reason put forward for their refusal was the fact that the body of their great captain, recently deceased, had not yet been laid away. This captain was Le Borgne, the second Algonquin chief of that name, known to the missionaries as "unusually arrogant and malicious,"[1] who continued till his death to be a wily enemy of the French. A regular blockade was declared, but in a letter which Father Daniel succeeded in getting through, he informed the commandant of Three Rivers that the savages were willing to let the French pass down the Ottawa; as for the Hurons they should have to return home. This would have wrecked his plans completely, and he resolved not to continue downward if the Hurons were not allowed to accompany him. Only after infinite parleying were the Algonquins persuaded to permit the flotilla to proceed.

Hardships of the journey

A pleasant incident of this memorable journey of Father Daniel was his meeting, somewhere on the Upper Ottawa, with Fathers Garnier and Chastellain, fresh from France and on their way to Huronia. "They both wore their shoes in their canoes and carried no paddles," he wrote, "which led me to believe that they were kindly treated. This urged me to do something for their men that I had not done for my own. I made them a present of an herb

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. viii, p. 296.

which they adore and which we do not like—tobacco, which is high-priced this year."[1]

The zeal of the devoted missionary found occasion to exercise itself further down the river. At Petite Nation, another Algonquin settlement on the Ottawa, he found an Iroquois prisoner tied to a stake awaiting torture and death by fire. The deep interest he took in his fate and the kind words he spoke to him, softened the heart of the poor pagan prisoner, who before his death had the happiness of being baptized.

Arrival at Three Rivers

On August 18th, 1636, the flotilla, with Daniel and the three Huron youths, arrived at Three Rivers. When the canoes hove in sight the little population hastened to the river bank to welcome them. "Our hearts melted," wrote Le Jeune, "at the sight of Father Daniel. His face was gay and happy, but greatly emaciated; he was barefooted, had a paddle in his hand, and was clad in a wretched cassock, his breviary suspended to his neck, and his shirt rotting on his back. We embraced him, and having led him to our little room, after having blessed and adored our Lord, he related to us in what condition was the cause of Christianity among the Hurons. He handed me the letters and the *Relation* sent from that country, and we sang a *Te Deum* as a thanksgiving for the blessings God was pouring out upon this new Church." Daniel's absence from the new Church was a great sacrifice. He was really necessary there, wrote Le Mercier, "for only he and Father de Brébeuf are able to wield the language easily." And yet the sacrifice was made only with the hope of gathering greater spiritual fruit. A few days later, the interpreter, Jean Nicolet, brought three more recruits from Huronia, and with his little flock of six, Father Daniel went down to Quebec, full of hope that one of the problems of the

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. ix, p. 273.

missions was about to be solved. Meanwhile other Indian boys nearer home had been persuaded to enter the seminary, and soon fifteen, including a few Montagnais, were gathered together at Notre Dame des Anges, on the banks of the St. Charles, two miles from Quebec.

But the trials and tribulations which usually go hand in hand with all works undertaken for God, were about to begin for the Huron seminary. One of the students, Tsi-ko, fell sick, and his illness became so serious that Father Daniel was at his side day and night. Tsi-ko was the nephew of a well-known Huron orator; he showed considerable talent, and much was expected later from this young man; but in a short time he was a lifeless corpse. He had hardly been in his grave when Sabouta, another Huron youth, was carried off. These deaths affected Father Daniel very much, for they threatened to compromise the future of the seminary. What would the Huron parents and relatives on Georgian Bay say when they heard that their sons were dead in Quebec? The worries were greater than the missionary could bear; Daniel himself broke down with fatigue and strain, and so ill did he become that for a time his life was despaired of. Happily the illness passed away; he continued his work of instructing the few remaining Hurons, and the first months promised good results. A rule of life had been given the students which mingled a great deal of recreation with a relative amount of study. This was necessary, for "a wild ass is not given to greater freedom than these little Canadians. Still they wait upon the priest at the altar with as much grace and modesty as if they had been brought up in a well regulated academy. They are ready with their lessons at the proper hour, but it is also necessary to give them time for play, and as they are not

The Huron students

Fresh trials and sufferings

led by fear, one must seize the occasion to subdue them by love."[1]

The only drawback to this idyllic state of things was the isolation of Notre Dame des Anges on the St. Charles River, where the Huron seminary had been temporarily located. "Experience is showing us," wrote Le Jeune, "that it must be established among the bulk of the French population, so that the French children may attract the little savages." Convinced that something should be done to bring those two elements together, the energetic superior began to consider a project which had been already discussed, but which had been delayed for several years, that of founding a college at Quebec. In 1626, a French nobleman, the Marquis de Gamache, had made a donation of sixteen thousand gold *écus*[2] "for the establishment of a school in Canada," but the seizure of Quebec by the English, in 1629, had put off indefinitely the carrying out of this important work. Father Le Jeune took it up when he came to the colony three years later, and in 1635 laid the foundation of the college which in after years became the chief source of education for the entire country. This institution, founded two years before Harvard, was destined to flourish for nearly a century and a half, but its beginnings were modest enough, comprising only a few pupils and a professor. There the children of the French colonists were taught catechism and the rudiments of learning, and thither came the young Hurons and Montagnais from Notre Dame des Anges. It was hoped that their contact with the Europeans would civilize them and eventually facilitate the christianizing of their countrymen; but unhappily this commingling of races never fulfilled the expectations so hopefully looked for by the early Jesuits in Canada. After having made the ex-

The seminary a failure

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xvi, p. 181.

2 An écu was valued at about sixty cents.

periment for five years they had to acknowledge failure. The *Relation* for 1642 informs us that "the Huron seminary which had been established at Notre Dame des Anges some years ago, to educate children of that nation has been interrupted for good reasons, the chief one being because no noteworthy fruit is seen among the Indians. Our experience of beginning the instruction of a nation through its children has made us recognize this fact."

He returns to Huronia

The transfer of the Hurons from Notre Dame des Anges left Father Daniel free for work elsewhere;[1] he did not stay long enough in Quebec to witness the failure of the seminary scheme. In the fall of 1637 rumors had reached the colony that the Hurons on Georgian Bay had risen up against the French and massacred their missionaries; Governor de Montmagny, stirred by this news, decided to send military aid to his countrymen, and a small company of soldiers quitted Quebec for Huronia in the following spring. They were accompanied by Father Daniel who took as his companion Armand, one of the seminarians. The trip nearly proved fatal for both. While doubling a point on the Upper Ottawa river, the surging of the water upset the canoe occupied by the young Huron, and he went to the bottom with the missionary's altar equipment and baggage. Daniel who had reached the shore to begin a portage was not a witness of the struggles of his companion, but perceiving the upturned canoe he flung himself on his knees and begged God to save the life of the young man. A moment later the Huron appeared on the surface; he caught hold of some branches protruding from the water and was soon rescued from his dangerous position. The first mishap, including the loss of a portable altar and baggage for the mission, was followed shortly after by another far more serious. The

1 Father Ambrose Davost replaced him and taught both French and Hurons from 1637 till 1642.

Huron canoes generally travelled apart, being oftentimes at quite a distance from one another, and meeting rarely except at the usual hour for camping in the evening. Daniel occupied the last canoe, and was within a day's paddling from Allumette Island. While making a portage to the head of what is probably now know as Split Rock rapid, he lost his trail in the thick woods. The unfortunate man has left us his own account of the tragic incident. "We started early one morning," he writes, "without eating or drinking, and travelling rapidly over a very bad road and in extreme heat, I was burdened with my little baggage, and supposed that the others would stop about noon to eat something. But they kept right on and left me far behind. My weakness increasing with the heat of the day, I stopped and, almost fainting, threw myself on the ground unable to move. After having rested a little while and eating some berries, which did not help me much, I tried to start again. But I was compelled to lie down, as my head ached severely. I felt a great weakness through my whole body... I remained an hour or two in this condition when my people, having noticed that I delayed too long, came back and found me."

Narrow escape from death

After weeks of hardship and suffering Daniel reached Huronia on July 9th, 1638; he was never again to travel over a route of which he, perhaps more than any of the early Jesuits, retained the most painful souvenirs. It was pleasant, however, for him to learn that the rumors of the Huron uprising were false. During his two years' absence missionary activity had not abated throughout the country; it promised, in fact, to extend still further in the near future. Daniel was sent to Ossossane, a mission on Nottawasaga Bay, which had been opened the year before and was already solidly fortified against

He arrives at Ossossane

attacks of the enemy. When he went to reside there, in the summer of 1638, the residence was enclosed within a palisade of posts ten or twelve feet high, with a bastion built up of some thirty odd posts at one of the angles. This was known as the residence of the Immaculate Conception, and was occupied by Brébeuf, Le Mercier, Ragueneau and Garnier, while the other and older residence, Ihonatiria, harbored Pijart, Chastelain, and Jogues. However, Ihonatiria had lost its importance as a mission center. The bulk of the inhabitants had been carried off it entirely.

The result of this decision was the establishment of Ossossané just mentioned, and of Teanaostaye, the latter being the largest town of the Cord clan. Four hundred families resided in the latter place, many of whom were favorably disposed to the missionaries; if won to the faith they would exercise a great influence for good over the minor villages in the neighborhood. Accordingly, in 1638, Father de Brébeuf betook himself thither, conferred with the inhabitants, and carried on his negotiations with such tact and prudence that the Hurons decided to receive the Fathers and provide a cabin and chapel for them. The first Mass was said at Teanaostaye on June 25th, and thenceforward, while not always used as a residence after Fort Ste. Marie on the River Wye was built, in 1639, this mission, known as St. Joseph II, became one of the most important in the Huron country.

Father Daniel's presence there is recorded in the *Relation* of 1641, when, with Simon Le Moyne as assistant, he had under his pastoral care both Teanaostaye and Cahiague. For the coming nine years he exercised his zeal in these two places which were the nearest to the eastern frontier of the Huron country and consequently the most exposed to the Iroquois marauders. Cahiague was situated

near the shore of Lake Simcoe, about a mile from the present town of Hawkstone, and was one of the best known spots in the country. Champlain spent the winter of 1615-16 there, before he continued his warlike expedition southward to the Iroquois country. In his time it contained two hundred lodges occupied by the Arendaenronnons, or nation of the Rock, a tribe partly Huron, partly Neutral. The memory of the great white chief was still vivid among them and had done much to link the Hurons to the French; they were the first to engage in the trade with the French and regarded themselves as their special allies. Daniel profiting by this circumstance, immediately started his work of instructing them. He had not to begin, as was the case in other Huron villages, the task of gaining their good will; this was already secured to him, and his five years' residence in the mission of St. John Baptist at Cahiague, and in the surrounding villages, were years of fruitful toil. The number of fervent Christians began to grow so rapidly that the devoted missionary was no longer equal to the task. The *Relation* for 1641 devotes a chapter to the frontier missions of Cahiague and Teanaostaye and asserts that they were sufficiently well peopled to give employment to six or eight laborers; but the fewness of the missionaries obliged them to unite those two important villages under the care of Anthony Daniel and Simon Le Moyne. Their labor and fatigues were augmented by the distances between the settlements and by the dangers they were exposed to from the wandering Iroquois, but "their joy increased in proportion to their sufferings, since the steps one takes for the conquest of a single soul are so many steps toward Heaven. "The two devoted missionaries," Jerome Lalemant informs us, "travelled from town to town and from village to village, gathering in those ears

He is sent to the Cord clan

His zeal and its results

of corn which the angels separate from the tares, so that in Heaven they may make the crown of the Elect which cost so many labors and fatigues to the Son of God."

So successful had been Father Daniel's ministry along the border of Lake Simcoe that a permanent residence might have been looked for at Cahiague, had not the Iroquois begun to make their presence felt. The village lay on the route to and from their country and was subject to hostile surprises; it was in the danger zone, so to speak, and prudence urged the natives to disperse or to retire to spots less exposed to the enemy. This migration, chronicled by Ragueneau in 1648, had begun in 1646, and had brought a large number of the Rock clan to St. Joseph's mission at Teanaostaye. Father Daniel followed them thither and replaced Charles Garnier who had gone to begin his cruel apprenticeship in the Tobacco nation. But Teanaostaye was not beyond the reach of the Iroquois, and the brave Daniel, during the two years which preceded his great sacrifice, "carried his life in his hands, awaiting with hope and supernatural love the death which fell to his lot."

He goes to Teanaostaye

The Iroquois had grown more daring in the spring of 1648, especially along the frontiers of Huronia. Small parties of them appeared here and there and then vanished, after having raised the scalp of some unfortunate Huron or carried him off to captivity. They had begun to raid what was exclusively Huron territory, and the Jesuits and their neophytes, notably those at St. Ignace, drew nearer to Fort Ste. Marie where they looked for better protection. In the same spring a large contingent of warriors accompanied the flotilla to Quebec, not merely to protect the canoes from encounters with

Fresh Iroquois invasions

the enemy along the route, but also to purchase arms and ammunition from the French. Many of those warriors belonged to Teanatostaye; under the circumstances their departure from their own home was unfortunate, as it left their village with only a few defenders in case of attack. The incident, however, showed how confident the Hurons at St. Joseph II were that all was safe for the moment.

Towards the close of the month of June, Daniel had gone to Fort Ste. Marie to make his annual retreat. He spent eight whole days there conferring with God alone in preparation for his passage to eternity. While unconscious of any proximate danger, he was evidently inspired to hurry back to his mission; for his retreat, having ended on July 2nd, the *Relation* tells us he refused to rest even a day at Fort Ste. Marie and returned to Teanaostaye. On the morning of July 4th, he had just said Mass when a swarm of Iroquois appeared behind the palisades of the town. The pious Hurons, according to their custom, were still at their devotions when the cry was heard outside: "To arms! the enemy is here!" Terror seized the poor Indians; they rose from their knees; some took the flight; others prepared for their defence. Father Daniel realized in a moment how desperate the situation was; he stood up in their midst and encouraged them to defend themselves. He gave absolution to the Christians still kneeling at his feet and exhorted the catechumens present to prepare for baptism which they had not yet received. Unable to confer the sacrament on each one singly, he seized a handkerchief, dipped it in water, raised it above his head and sprinkled the dozens of kneeling forms before him, while he pronounced the words which brought the grace of regeneration into their souls.

They attack Teanaostaye

Meanwhile the enemy had broken through the palisades and were becoming masters of the village. Instead of taking flight, as many of the Indians were doing, the heroic missionary hurried from cabin to cabin to baptize, to absolve the old and the sick, and encourage them to die bravely. The holy man then made his way back to the church which was now filled with terrified Hurons. Closely on his heels came the barbarians whose savage howls rent the morning air. After a second absolution and a word of consolation to his flock, Daniel went forward fearlessly and faced the enemy at the door. The Iroquois, astonished at the sight of the black-gown standing so stoically before them, suddenly recoiled. A moment later they surrounded him from every side, aimed their arrows and guns at him and fired. The arrows penetrated his body in many places, while a bullet from an arquebuse pierced his breast, inflicting a mortal wound. A moment later Father Daniel yielded up his soul to God, truly as a good pastor who exposes his life for the salvation of his flock. The enraged Iroquois rushed upon his prostrate form, and, as if he alone had been the object of their hatred, washed their hands and faces with his blood, "because," wrote Bressani, "it was formed in so brave a heart."[1] They stripped his body naked, covered it with blows, and, having set fire to the church, threw the remains of the martyr into the flames. Thus ended the career of this holy Jesuit, a career precious before God and men. He was the first missionary to die among the Hurons and had for fourteen years borne the trials and sufferings so plentiful in the begining of that missionary field. In the words of Father Ragueneau, "he seemed to have been born only for the salvation of these peoples; he had no stronger desire than to die for them, and we

Daniel's heroic death

He is flung into the flames

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Cleveland edit., vol. xxxix, p. 241

hope all this country will have in him a powerful intercessor before God."

The destruction of Teanaostaye was complete. The number of those killed or taken captive was probably about seven hundred souls, mostly women and children; the number of those, however, who escaped was much greater. They fled in the direction of Fort Ste. Marie where the Fathers, despite their own poverty, tried to assist them, to mourn with them in their affliction, and to console them with the hope of Paradise. Father Ragueneau feelingly concludes his account of the disaster in these words: "If only God will receive His glory from our losses, there will always be a source of gladness to us. That is enough for us, whatever it may cost us, provided we see the number of the Elect increased for eternity, since it is for heaven we labor and not for earth."

Appears after his death

Heaven did not wait long to testify to the heroic holiness of Father Daniel. He appeared twice after his death to Father Chaumonot who had been his companion at various times in the mission-field, whom he had once saved from drowning, and with whom he had lived in a holy intimacy. The first apparition took place at the village of Ossossane when he came to Chaumonot in a dream with the features of a man about thirty years of age and surrounded with glory. According to Chaumonot's own account he seemed to be with other Fathers who were conferring together about the means to convert the savages. Realizing that he was in presence of one who had left this world and that he was present there miraculously, Chaumonot was seized with a great desire to speak to him, but out of respect for others who were present, the thought came to him that if Father Daniel was a saint, as he believed he was, he could speak to him intellectually, and he asked him to come to him. Father Daniel approached and embraced him. When Chaumonot asked to

tell him what God required most particularly of him, the vision repeated the fifth demand of the Our Father, "Forgive us our trespasses," and then kissed his cheek. On awaking, the good Father Chaumonot was so persuaded of the reality of the apparition and so filled with compunction and fear of the justice of God, that those sentiments remained with him during the rest of his life in the Huron mission.

Appears a second time

The same Father was favored later by a second apparition of Father Daniel. This time moved by the desire to honor him through his relics, he asked him why the Divine goodness had permitted his precious body to be so unworthily treated after his death, so that no one had the happiness of being able to gather up its ashes. Daniel replied that he had been well rewarded; God, holy and adorable, had considered his death and sufferings and made them a great help to the souls in Purgatory. This answer filled the heart of the pious Chaumonot with fervor and devotion towards the suffering souls, and urged him ever after to make acts of humiliation and interior mortification for their alleviation. Father Ragueneau himself in 1652, three years after the death of the holy missionary, asserted under oath that what he wrote in the *Relation* of 1649 was the result of his personal observation and of the public testimony of more than two hundred Christian Hurons who had escaped death when St. Joseph II was destroyed, many of whom were baptized by him even while his church was in flames and who saw him giving up his life heroically for them. The Holy See will some day examine the life and virtues of this Servant of God and will give the true interpretation of the supernatural occurrences here related; for Anthony Daniel's name figures among the "Canadian Martyrs" whose Cause has been deferred to Rome for final adjudication. Meanwhile we may ask God to hasten the day when we shall see Daniel and his companions favored with the honors of the Altar.

FATHER CHARLES GARNIER

Slain by the Iroquois, December 7, 1649

Father Charles Garnier

VICTIM OF THE IROQUOIS

CHARLES Garnier was the son of a rich and noble Parisian family; he was born on the feast of the Annunciation, March 25th, 1605 (or 1606), and from his earliest years he was singled out as one on whom God had lofty designs. His innocence of life, coupled with a frank and manly character, gave him a prestige which imposed respect among the companions of his own age. While he was a student in the Jesuit college in his native city, his father was accustomed to give him a few pieces of silver every month, either as a reward for his application to study or to enable him to gratify his personal fancies; but the boy rarely applied this money to his own use, preferring to throw it into the almsbox of one of the city prisons, the Petit Chatelet. One day, while crossing the Pont Neuf in Paris, Charles saw an impious book for sale. With his small monthly allowance he purchased the volume and destroyed it, "lest some one by reading it might offend God." His horror of everything that could wound the Heart of God he attributed to the love he had for our Lady whom he called his Mother and to whom he gave all his confidence. "It was she," he asserted in after-life, "who carried me in her arms during my youthful years; it was she who called me to the Society of her Son."[1]

His early years and education

This call to the religious profession was promptly answered by the young man; Charles decided to con-

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Cleveland edit., vol. xxxv, p. 119.

secrate his life to God's service in the Society of Jesus. Monsieur Garnier, who evidently had other plans in view for his son, opposed this pious design and endeavored to dissuade Charles from the irrevocable step. He yielded, however, after he had been convinced that his son was not the plaything of a passing illusion; and nobly did he make the sacrifice. When the moment of separation came, he told the superiors of the Order that he was giving them a child, "who from his birth had never committed the least disobedience, and never caused him the least displeasure."[2]

He enters the Jesuit Order

Charles Garnier entered the Jesuit novitiate in Paris, on September 5th, 1624, and soon became a model of exact observance of the rule. His angelic modesty shone in a face beaming with happiness; he was held up as a "mirror of holiness" to those around him. So deep was the impression Garnier made on his fellow religious that all felt that his was a favored soul and that God had other gifts in store for him. After the young novice had completed his term of probation and pronounced his vows, in 1626, he was sent to study in the college of Clermont, one of the chief institutions of the Jesuit Order in France. From 1629 to 1632 he taught in the college of Eu, returning to Clermont only in the latter year to study theology and prepare himself for the priesthood, a dignity he was raised to in 1635.

The missions of Canada had begun to attract the young religious. The perusal of the letters sent back by his Jesuit brethren from those distant shores, the accounts of the spiritual conquests which were being made among the savage tribes, the pathetic call for more laborers in the vineyard, had set his heart afire. His superiors, to

2 Ibid., p. 145.

whom he had confided his secret longing, were willing to give full scope to Charles Garnier's zeal, and would have allowed him to leave France for Canada immediately after his ordination in 1635, but "having desired that his father should give his consent on account of special obligations to him which the Order was under," they delayed his departure. This delay only served to augment the young priest's desire for the mission-field beyond the Atlantic. His one thought day and night was the conversion of the Indians and the prospect of life among them. The permission to sail, however, was granted in 1636, and he quitted the shores of France in the fleet which brought out Monsieur de Montmagny, the successor of Champlain, as governor of New France. During the voyage he seized the opportunity of effecting a remarkable conversion. Among the members of the crew was a sailor "without conscience, without religion and without God," who had not gone to confession for over ten years, a dereliction of Christian duty that was looked on as tragic in that age of faith and practice. The unhappy man was avoided by every one on board until Father Garnier, urged by his zeal for souls, took him in hand. After many kind services and delicate attentions he succeeded in winning him over, heard his confession, and restored him to the friendship of God. This conversion brought such peace and joy of conscience to the poor sailor that the hearts of all on board were touched.[1]

His vocation to the missions

This edifying incident helped to shorten what was already a remarkably rapid voyage across the ocean. The vessel, with M. de Montmagny, entered the Gulf, sailed up the St. Lawrence and arrived at Quebec on June 11th, 1636. The governor, "having arrived before Kebec on the night of St. Barnabas," wrote LeJeune

He arrives in New France

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxxv, p. 121.

"he cast anchor without announcing himself; the next morning we had word that he was in the vessel which the darkness had hidden from us. We went down to the shore of the river to receive him and found that Father Peter Chastelain and Father Charles Garnier were in his company." The two young missionaries were present at his solemn installation and had the privilege of witnessing the profound Catholic faith of the second governor of New France. "Monsieur de Champlain," continued LeJeune, "having left us during the last year of his ministration to go to Heaven, we were anxious as to what zeal his successor would have for this infant Church... If first actions are prognostications of those to come, we have reason to thank God in the person of Monsieur de Montmagny. One of his first acts, after the usual installation festivities were ended, was to stand sponsor for an Indian about to be pabtized." When invited to fill this function, the pious governor very willingly accepted and "rejoiced in his good fortune that in beginning his official life he could help to open the door of the Church to a poor soul who wished to enter the fold of Jesus Christ."[2] The Father who had prepared the savage asked Father Chastelain whether he would not be glad to begin his labors in New France with a baptism. The newly arrived missionary accepted the offer with the greatest alacrity, and it is easy to surmise that Father Garnier, his companion on the voyage, assisted at this consoling ceremony.

Chosen for the Huron missions

Being destined for the mission on Georgian Bay, the sojourn of the two Jesuits in Quebec was of short duration, and on July 1st, Chastelain and Garnier, with two other Jesuits, Buteux and Quentin, embarked for Three Rivers, a mission which had been founded by Paul LeJeune two years before, and which had become the terminus of

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. viii, p. 217.
2 Ibid., vol. viii, p. 219.

the Huron flotillas from the West. Governor de Montmagny escorted the four men to the river bank, "with matchless courtesy and affection," and had three cannon shots fired as a farewell salute at their departure. They travelled up the St. Lawrence, Buteux and Chastelain in one canoe and Quentin and Garnier in the other, and received at Three Rivers such a cordial welcome from Father LeJeune that "the demonstration of affection impressed the natives present." A feast next day completely won the savage hearts and, as we shall see, made the route to the Huron Country smoother for the missionaries. While at Three Rivers Father Garnier had a consolation similar to the one Chastelain experienced at Quebec; he was initiated into his ministry in Canada by baptizing a little Indian girl on July 7th, 1636.

On the twenty-first of the same month they embarked in their canoes and started for Huronia—"the happiest men in the world," the *Relation* recorded,[1] Their passage was so easily secured—and yet "the affairs of God are generally so crossed at the beginning," LeJeune remarked—that it was almost suspected something had gone wrong. The missionaries, however, were treated well on way. In the first place they were allowed to wear their shoes. This was a special privilege, for usually the Jesuits were obliged to travel bare-footed lest they should deposit sand or dirt in the small canoes. In cold or hot weather they had to adapt themselves to this custom unless they met with Indians kind enough to let them follow their own. They enjoyed another privilege in not being obliged to paddle. This favor they evidently appreciated, for the *Relation* of 1636 remarked, "It is hard work, especially at first, when one is not accustomed to it... We give to every canoe in which any of our Fathers embark a large sheet which serves as a sail to

He starts for Huronia

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. ix, i. 247.

relieve them from this work; but although these barbarians are told that the sail is the Fathers' paddle, and they do not wield any other, they do not fail sometimes to make them take a wooden one, which has to be well worked to satisfy them."[1]

A canoe full of savages on their way to Three Rivers met them at Petite Nation[2] on the Ottawa, and Garnier seized the occasion to drop a note to Father LeJeune. "The bearer of this," he wrote, "will tell you better than we can the name of the place where they met us. We are in good health, thank God, and gliding along swiftly in our bark gondolas. We are flying to our long sought Paradise with an increase of courage which God had given us."[3] He had a kind word for Kioncheand Aenons, the two Indians who had charge of their canoes. Chastelain, in his turn, wrote when they reached Lake Nipissing, August 8th: "We have been here since yesterday among the Nipissings, so happy and in such good health that I am quite ashamed of it; for if I had had heart and courage enough, I feel that God would have given me a bit of His cross to bear, as He has done to our Fathers who have been over this route before us. If He had done me this favor I would be a little more cast down than I am. May He be blessed by all the angels! He has treated a child like a child; I did not paddle; I carried only my own baggage, except three days at the portages, when I carried a little package that some one offered me because one of our savages was ill... We arrived at the (Allumette) Island on the eve of St. Ignatius (July 30th); our peas having given out, we bought some Indian corn. This corn lasted us until we

Happenings on the route

1 *Jesuit Relations,* Clev. edit., vol. ix I. p. 243.

2 This was an Algonquin reserve in the seventeenth century. The name, "Petite Nation," is still preserved.

3 *Jesuit Relations,* Clev. edit., vol. ix., 251.

reached here."[1] Evidently God was waiting His own good time; the young missionary would soon have other opportunities of suffering and thus make up for the easy journey to Georgian Bay. Garnier reached Huronia on the 13th of August and went direct to Ihonatiria; Chastelain had arrived there the day before. Both men had gone to devote their lives and labors for the salvation of the Hurons and naturally were received with joy by Father de Brébeuf and his brethren already there.

His first missionary trials

Unhappily, this joy was shortlived and threatened to turn to sorrow. Early in September, 1636, a mysterious illness, which the *Relation* called "purple fever," attacked the village of Ihonatiria and incapacitated both white men and Indians. Father Isaac Jogues, a recent arrival in the country, was the first victim and nearly succumbed; the next was Chastelain who received the last Sacraments. Father Garnier was a witness of this domestic affliction, and although occupied with the exercises of his yearly retreat, he asked to be allowed to interrupt them so that he might aid the patients. His physical strength, however, was not as great as his charity; he, too, was seized with the fever, and the little residence at Ihonatiria became for the nonce a hospital. The sufferings of the sick, occasioned by a lack of skilled medical attention and the accompaniments of poverty, were severe. "If a bed of feathers," wrote Father Le Mercier to LeJeune, "often seems hard to a sick person, I leave it to Your Reverence to imagine if he could rest easily upon a bed which was nothing but a mat of rushes spread over some bark and at most a blanket or a piece of skin thrown over it." Yet "one and all were never more cheerful; the sick were as content to die as to live, and by their patience, piety and devotion greatly lightened the little trouble we took for them night and day."[1]

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xiii, p. 99.

Blood-letting, the panacea for so many ills in the seventeenth century, was freely resorted to, the sick missionaries recovered slowly and continued their work among the savages.

Ihonatiria was the first really permanent mission the Jesuits had in Huronia; it was situated in the immediate neighborhood of what is now Todd's Point, in Simcoe County,[1] and had been established two years previously, in 1634. A large cabin serving as chapel and dwelling had been built; the Fathers had gained the sympathy of the Hurons, and were actively occupied in catechising there. The location however, was not deemed central enough, and it was decided to go elsewhere at the first favorable opportunity. Ossossane, the principal village of the Bear clan, appeared to Brébeuf to be a more favorable center for a mission. He had already marked the spot, but the frequent changes of the sites of Huron villages, prompted usually by scarcity of fuel, poverty of the soil, or stress of war, prevented him for the moment from making the transfer. Although Ossossane never moved far from where it originally stood, it had already changed its site three times,[2] and Brébeuf did not care to risk the expense involved in the construction of a church and house which might be after all only temporary. However, in the spring of 1637 he suggested to the Hurons of that village his project of migrating thither from Ihonatiria. Not merely was the proposal accepted, but the savages even offered to build a cabin for the Fathers. So rapidly were operations carried out that, a month later, Brébeuf could write: "Since my last letter (dated May 20th), a new residence

Ossossane is founded

1 Lot 6, concession xx, xxi. Tiny township. (Cf. Jones' *Old Huronia*, pp. 28-31.)

2 The successive sites of Ossassane lay in the neighborhood of Varwood Point, on Nottawasaga Bay. (Cf. Jones' *Old Huronia*, p. 37.)

of the Immaculate Conception has been established, and we began to occupy it on the feast of SS. Primus and Felician, martyrs, June 9th... Forty or fifty Indians, men and women, came to Ihonatiria to fetch our grain and our few pieces of furniture."[1] Ossossane, also called La Rochelle by the French fur-traders from some fancied resemblance to the seaport of that name in France, became a center of immense missionary activity, and remained such during its short existence, that is, until the completion of the central residence, Fort Ste. Marie, in 1639.

In a letter, a year later, to his brother Henry, a Carmelite friar in Paris, Father Garnier wrote: "I must tell you how the time was spent since I wrote you last year. I was at that time at the little village of Ihonatiria; I came hither a few days after Corpus Christi... There are forty Indian lodges, and ours bears the name of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady."[2]

Goes to live at Ossossane

One of his letters to his father, in the same city, gives us a lively description of Ossossane. "You must know," he wrote, "that we are here living in a fortress which has nothing like it in France. We are encircled by a wall quite different from that of the Bastille. Yesterday they completed one of the towers, and we stand less in dread of Spanish cannon than you do in Paris. But I fear that some cunning fellow will be ready to tell you that it is because cannon can scarcely be brought nearer here than some three hundred leagues, that our ramparts consist of an enclosure of posts ten or twelve feet high and half a foot thick, and posts that our tower is made up of some thirty odd planted at one angle of the ramparts so as to command two of the sides of the enclosure, and that an-

1 Carayon: *Premiere mission des Jesuites au Canada*, p. 161. Paris, 1864.

2 Garnier's Letters, p. 38

other will be built to defend the other two... It will be enough to put you on your guard against such eavesdroppers if I tell you that the Hurons admire our fortification, and imagine that those in France are modelled on about the same pattern. You see how different their ideas are from ours. This is why I have gained much by leaving France where you used to twit me for not having any beard, for the Indians on that account think me handsome."[1] The witty word or joyous comment, denoting Father Garnier's sprightly character as well as his desire to give a moment of pleasure to dear ones beyond the sea, was frequently displayed in his correspondence. And yet the letters from his pen which have been preserved for us, breathe a sweet rsignation amid sufferings that were acute and dangers that were always imminent.

He describes the spot

The arrival of new laborers in the vineyard urged the Jesuits to extend their activities and carry the Word of Life as soon as possible to the neighboring settlements, They established themselves at Teanaostaye the chief town of the Cord clan, they went from village to village, instructing and baptizing children and adults in danger of death, and would have continued to do so indefinitely had not the incursions of the Iroquois become more frequent and threatening, and obliged them to provide for their own security and that of their neophytes who were gradually increasing in numbers. A strongly fortified residence, where they could retire in the hours of danger, was considered necessary, but the funds to build it were evidently lacking. The French government was indirectly appealed to, nor was the appeal made in vain, for we learn from a letter written by Paul LeJeune to Mutius Vitelleschi, General of the Jesuits, in

Mission activity in Huronia

1 Garnier's Letters, p. 26.

1642, that Cardinal Richelieu, at the request of his niece, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, granted thirty thousand *livres* from the Royal treasury for the construction of a fort in Huronia strong enough to withstand the attacks of hostile savages. This fort, known as Fort Ste. Marie, the foundations of which are still visible after nearly three centuries, was built on the east bank fo a little stream [1] connecting Lake Isiargui with Georgian Bay. When it was completed in 1639, it became the headquarters of the Huron missionaries; Ossossane was abandoned and the Fathers and their effects were transferred to their new home.

Building of Fort Ste. Marie

Meanwhile the desire to extend the influence of the Gospel was uppermost with the Jesuits, and a couple of tentative expeditions were made to sound the dispositions of the neighboring tribes. Brébeuf and Chaumonot spent the winter of 1640-1641 with the Neutral nation southward along Lake Erie, while Garnier was taken from Fort Ste. Marie and sent, with Jogues and Pijart, in a westerly direction to the Petun or Tobacco nation, who dwelt on the peninsula lying between Nottawasaga Bay and Lake Huron. But the ill-success of both attempts showed that the time was not yet ripe for extension. "Last year," wrote Jerome Lalemant in the *Relation* of 1641, "we undertook a mission to the Petuns, but we have deemed it more expedient to concentrate our energies and not continue our labors among those more distant peoples until the nearer tribes have been won over, more especially when we take into account the small number of our men." The only fruits reaped during Father Garnier's visit to the Petuns were the baptisms of a few children and adults in danger of deaht. The mass of the population resisted the grace

His first visit to the Petuns

1 Now known as the Wye River. This venerable spot is at Old Fort on the Grand Trunk Railway, three miles from Midland, Ont.

so freely offered to them; they accused the missionary of sorcery and cruelly drove him away. But God did not allow his faithful servant to go unavenged. "The town of Ehwae, the principal town of the mission," continued Jerome Lalemant, "whence Father Garnier had been driven last year, underwent every conceivable misfortune before the close of the twelvemonth. Most of the lodges were burned by the enemy three months later; many inhabitants died of hunger, cold and smallpox; others perished in the waves, and numbers were taken by the enemy. In fact, the matter appeared so extraordinary that the captain of a neighboring village could not help noticing it, and attributed the desolation of the village to no other cause than the refusal it made to hear the preachers of the Gospel last year."

Ill-success, however, could not daunt the courage of the young missionary. He had now several years' experience in Huronia, and he was ready to fill any position in the field, chiefly on account of his complete mastery of the Huron tongue which gave him a remarkable ascendency over the tribes. Father de Brébeuf, himself an excellent judge in this matter, writing to the General in 1637, asserted that the missionaries in Huronia were in every way extraordinary workers, who combined, in an unusual manner, eloquence and union with God with a burning zeal for souls. "So persistant and studious are they all," he wrote, "that in only one or two years they have gained a truly wonderful proficiency in a language still rude and not reduced to grammatical rules. However, in this regard," he added, "Father Garnier ranks first." "He mastered the language of the Indians so thoroughly," wrote Ragueneau, in his turn, twelve years later, "that they themselves were astonished at him." An indefatigable laborer and replete with every gift of nature and grace, he became an accomplished missionary.

Appreciated by Brébeuf

A more fruiful field than any yet offered him, where he would find ample scope for his zeal, was now alloted to him. This was Teanaostaye,[1] the largest village of the Cord clan, where a mission had been established in 1638. Here for six years he spent himself with all the devotedness and self-sacrifice of which he was capable. From 1640 to 1646 he labored in season and out of season, instructing the dusky Hurons in the truths of religion, rooting out their superstitions, teaching them to recognize the one true God, urging them to pray to Him, conferring baptism on them, following them on the chase, strengthening their souls with the Sacraments, and burying them when they were dead. So thorough was his knowledge of the Indian character, so deeply did he penetrate their hearts, and so powerful was the eloquence of his example that he drew the Hurons to him. His face, his eyes, his gestures, even his smiles, proclaimed his holiness; his very presence raised Huron hearts to God.

His personal influence

The *Relation* of 1650 tells us that several were converted to the faith at the mere aspect of his angelic face, and all who came in contact with him took away with them the liveliest impression of his virtue. "The love of God," wrote Ragueneau, "which reigned in his heart animated all his movements and made them holy." This interior perfection of soul was, after the manner of the saints, sustained by a rigid penitential life. Father Garnier's self-imposed bodily mortifications were many and severe. His bed, a combination of saplings and bark, was hard and uninviting; every time he returned from his mission journeys he sharpened the iron points of the belt which he wore next to his naked flesh; his only food was that of the Hurons themselves, that is to say, "the least the most miserable tramp

1 Known also as St. Joseph II, situated on the Flanagan farm, west half of lot 7, concession iv, Medonte township. (Cf. Jones' *Old Huronia*, p. 19.)

could hope for in France." And thus this holy man preached the Kingdom of God both by word and example to his people at Teanaostaye for six years.

During the alarms caused by the visits of the cruel Iroquois, and especially during the pestilence which raged several times in Huronia, when the missionaries were treated as sorcerers and when all doors were closed against them, Father Garnier went fearlessly from village to village and cabin to cabin, wherever he knew there was a soul to save; his zeal and charity always found the means to break through the obstacles placed in his way. He had little to do with mere human prudence, and had recourse to the Angels whose powerful help he always invoked. Hurons whom he went to assist at the hour of death asserted that they had seen him accompanied by a young man of rare beauty and majestic brilliancy.

His labor and untiring zeal

In October, 1646, Father Garnier handed over to Father Daniel the flourishing mission of St. Joseph, at Teanaostaye, and betook himself with Father Garreau to the Petun nation whence he had been driven out six years before as a sorcerer. It was the Petuns themselves who now asked for missionaries to instruct them in the Christian religion and to establish centers among them. Two large villages, Etharita in the Wolf clan, and Ekarenniondi in the Deer clan, were chosen as the most favorable sites for missionary activity, and the missions of St. John and St. Mathias were founded.[1] In this fresh field Garnier found an outlet for his devouring zeal. In a letter to the General of the Jesuits, April 25th, 1647, he wrote, "Good Father Garreau and I are nearly always separated, for he makes a stay of ten or twelve days in one village and I in the other. Then he will come to join me and I him, and after

1 A third mission, St. Matthew, was founded among the Petuns, in Feb. 1649, and placed in charge of Father Noël Chabanel, who was to shed his blood a few months later.

spending two or three days together he will go to the village where I had been previously and I to the village where he had been. Thus we live without companionship save that of the Good Angels and that of the souls we are instructing."

Isolation among savages was one of the hardships which had to be borne patiently, and Garnier evidently carried this cross joyously. But other crosses were appearing on the horizon. The Iroquois had already proved that they were bent on the effacement of the Huron nation and would show no mercy to those who fell into their hands. The destruction of his old mission of Teanaostaye in July, 1648, and the violent death of Father Daniel, his successor there, gave Garnier food for serious reflection, but it did not dampen the ardor of his zeal among the Petuns at Etharita. Encouraged by his own success and that of Garreau, his companion at St. Mathias, he entertained the hope that the Iroquois would limit their destructive activities to the Hurons proper and would and would leave the Petuns undisturbed. In this, however, Father Garnier was to meet with a cruel disappointment.

The darkening horizon

After the invasion by the enemy in the spring of 1649, the mission centers among the Hurons were destroyed; only Fort Ste. Marie still stood intact. During the rest of that year the bands of Iroquois savages remained prowling about the country, seizing and slaying all who fell in their way. The Petun village nearest to their haunts, and necessarily the most exposed, was Etharita, Father Garnier's own mission, containing five or six hundred families. Spies had been sent out to watch the movements of the enemy, and anticipating an attack, a body of Petun warriors went out on December 5th, 1649, to meet them, leaving the village quite unprotected. But the astute Iroquois, always on the alert, avoided their advance, took a

The Iroquois invasion

roundabout way, and seizing two straggling Petuns, learned from them of the absence of the warriors from Etharita and the desperate straits of the women and children left behind. Losing no time the dreaded enemy appeared before the gates of Etharita at three o'clock in the afternoon of December 7th, 1649, and attacked the defenceless inhabitants. Some sought safety in flight; others were slain on the spot; others were taken prisoners; but the Iroquois fearing the return of the absent warriors, hastened to complete their sanguinary work, and then retreated precipitately, putting to death all who could not keep up with them in their flight.

Father Garnier was one of the victims of this hideous massacre. When the enemy appeared he was instructing the people in their cabins. At the first alarm he went straight to the chapel where he found some Christians.[1] "We are dead men now, brothers," he said to them; "pray to God and escape by whatever way you can; but keep your faith as long as life remains, and may death find you thinking of God!" He gave them his blessing and then left hurriedly to help other souls. The whole village was in despair; defense was useless. Several about to flee implored Father Garnier to go with them, but he refused; and unmindful of self he thought only of the salvation of the unfortunate victims around him. Urged on by his zeal he hastened hither and thither, giving absolution to the Christians whom he met. In the burning cabins he sought the children, the sick, or the catechumens, and over them, even in the midst of the flames, he poured the waters of baptism, his own heart burning with no other fire than that kindled by the love of God.

He falls mortally wounded

It was while engaged in this holy work that he met his

1 The account of Father Garnier's death is found in the *Relation* of 1650 (Clev. edit., vol. xxxv, p. 111 et seq.

death. A musket ball struck him, penetrating his body a little below the breast; another, from the same volley, tearing open his stomach and lodging in the thigh, brought him to the ground. His courage, however, was unabated. The Iroquois savage who had fired at him stripped him of his cassock, and leaving him weltering in his blood, went in pursuit of the other fugitives. Father Garnier, a short time after, was seen to clasp his hands in prayer; then, looking about him, he perceived, some feet away, a poor man who, like himself, had received his death wound, but who still gave signs of life. Murmuring a few words of prayer, the dying missionary, in whom zeal for souls was stronger than death, struggled to his knees, and, rising with difficulty, dragged himself as best he could toward the sufferer, in order to assist him. He had made but three or four steps when he fell again, somewhat heavily. Raising himself a second time, he got once more upon his knees and strove to approach the wounded Petun, but his body, drained of its blood which was flowing in abundance from his wounds, was not equal to his heroism. After advancing five or six steps he fell a third time. "Further than this," the *Relation* adds, "we have not been able to ascertain what he accomplished. The good Christian woman who faithfully related all this to us, saw no more of him, being herself overtaken by an Iroquois, who struck her on the head with a war-hatchet, felling her upon the spot, though she afterward escaped. The Father, shortly after, received from a hatchet two blows upon the temples, one on either side, which penetrated to the brain. To him it was the recompense for all past services, the richest he had hoped for from God's goodness. His body was stripped, and left entirely naked where it lay."

His heroism even in death

A remnant of fugitive Christians, all covered with blood, arrived hurriedly at Ekarenniondi, twelve miles away, and

gave the news of the massacre. Fearing that a similar misfortune was in store for them, the night of December 7th was one of continual alarm for the people of St. Mathias. However, early on the 8th, it was ascertained that the enemy had retired, and Fathers Garreau and Greslon set out at once for Etharita. A sad spectacle awaited them. They saw only dead bodies heaped together, some almost consumed by fire, others deluged with their own blood. The few who still showed signs of life were all covered with wounds, but looking for death and blessing God in their wretchedness. After investigation they found the body of Father Garnier completely covered with blood and ashes. They buried him in the spot where the church had stood, although there remained no longer any trace of the building, the fire having consumed all. "It was truly a rich treasure," we read in the *Relation* of 1650. "to deposit in so desolate a spot the body of so noble a servant of God; but that great God will surely find a way to reunite us all in Heaven since it is for His sake alone that we are thus scattered both during life and after death."

Finding of his mangled body

Two days later the Petun warriors who had gone to intercept the Iroquois, returned to Etharita, only to find their village in ashes and the dead and mangled bodies of their wives and children. For half a day they maintained a profound silence, seated after the manner of savages on the ground, without lifting their eyes or uttering a sigh, like marble statues without speech, without sight and without movement. The loss of the pastor and his flock was another heavy blow to the Huron mission, but "the missionaries adored the Divine hand and disposed themselves to accept all the He willed even to the end."

Thus ended the mission of St. John, at Etharita, and the heroic Father Charles Garnier. No trace has yet been discovered of this once flourishing Petun village. While

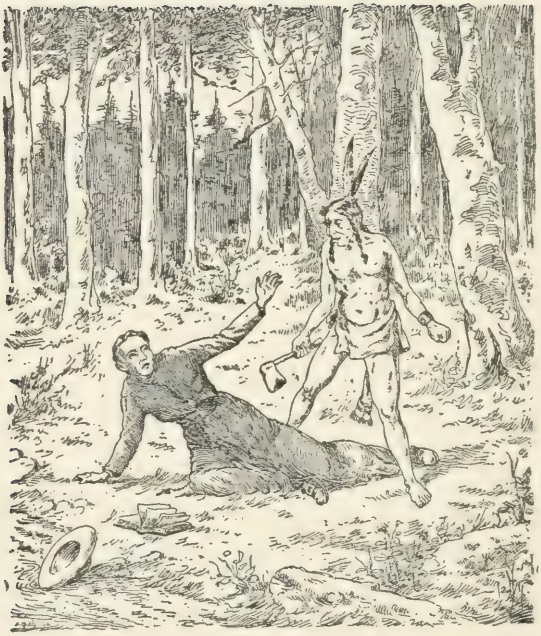
the site of St. Mathias has undoubtedly been located, owing to its proximity to Ekarenniondi, or Standing Rock, a monumental landmark, forty feet high, still to be found in Simcoe county, Etharita, where Father Garnier was interred under the ruins of his chapel, has not yet been discovered. Data given in the *Relations* place it four leagues in a southwesterly direction from Standing Rock. Possibly the presence of ash beds or refuge heaps, the only sure sign of ancient villages sites, may be traced some day in that neighborhood to renew public interest in Father Garnier's life and labors.[2]

His memory recalled

It must be said, however, that the memory of this Jesuit is one of the most highly cherished in Canadian missionary annals. His youth, his patrician birth, his abandonment of worldly prospects, his untiring zeal, his tragic end, have all provided topics for writers of fiction. A couple of these writers have in recent years woven details entirely unauthentic into his early life and thrown a glamor of romance about his name and his career. Suffice it to say, the imaginations of novelists will find very little promising material to work on in Garnier's life. Father Paul Ragueneau, who was his spiritual adviser for twelve years and who knew all the secrets of his heart, pays an admirable tribute in the *Relation* of 1650 to the holiness of Garnier. "His great aspirations after sanctity," he wrote, "had grown with him from his infancy. I can truly say that in those twelve years I do not think that, save in sleep, he spent a single hour without these burning and vehement desires of progressing more and more in the ways of God and of helping forward in them his fellowmen. Outside of these considerations, nothing in the world affected him, neither relatives, nor friends, nor rest, nor hardships, nor fatigues. God was his all; and apart from this, all else was to him as nothing."

2 Cf. Jones' *Old Huronia*, pp. 260-261.

The Council of Bishops convened in Quebec, in 1886, linked Father Garnier's name with those of the other Canadian missionary victims of the Iroquois, in the petition presented to the Holy See for the introduction of the cause of Beatification of Father John de Brébeuf and his companions.



FATHER NOEL CHABANEL

Slain by a Huron Apostate, December 8, 1649

Father Noel Chabanel

HURON MISSIONARY

THE diocese of Mende in the department of Lozère, in France, now a restless hive of human industries, presented a very quiet and rustic aspect in the first years of the seventeenth century. Its numerous hills, open to the bright sunshine and balmy air of southern France, were wooded with forests, thick and dark, the undisturbed growth of ages; its valleys furnished pasturage for immense flocks of sheep whose wool formed one of the staple products of the country; its soil was fertile; minerals were found in abundance—in a word, Nature had given Lozère all the resources that made for the peace and happiness of its large peasant population. Unhappily, those good people were still feeling the after effects of the religious wars waged by the Huguenots. A few years previously, the turbulent sectaries had destroyed the splendid cathedral of Mende, which had been built by the Bishop, François de la Rovère, afterwards Pope Urban V; in the name of freedom of conscience they overran the country, invaded private homes, killed the inhabitants and spread desolation throughout the diocese.

His birth and early years

Peace, it is true, had been restored between the Catholics and the Huguenots, but the echoes of the former stormy years were still occasionally heard in and around Mende, when Noël Chabanel was born there on February 2, 1613. The name of the town or hamlet where this child

first saw the light of day has escaped the chroniclers of his life. The only detail preserved to us of his early years is the fact that he decided to consecrate himself to God in the Society of Jesus; he entered the novitiate at Toulouse, on February 8th, 1630. The spirit of God had spoken early to this favored soul, for Noël was only a boy of seventeen when the new epoch in his career began. Two full years were given up to the study and practice of the rules and constitutions of his Order and to the cultivation of humility and abnegation of self, two virtues which were to be so conspicuous in his after-life.

He becomes a Jesuit

Noël Chabanel pronounced his vows and bound himself to God and the Order in 1632. After studying philosophy at Toulouse, he was appointed, in 1634, to teach grammar in the Jesuit college in the same city. He spent five consecutive years in the professor's chair, advancing yearly with his pupils into humanities and rhetoric, until 1639, when he was sent to pursue his theological studies and prepare for the priesthood. After his ordination in 1641, he again taught rhetoric at Rodez, and in 1642 passed through his third year of probation, the final stage in the formation of the members of the Jesuit Order. Noël Chabanel had now reached the age of thirty and was ready for any field of labor.

The desire to devote his life to the Canadian missions had evidently haunted him for a long time—or as the Jesuit *Relation* of 1650 puts it, "God gave him a strong vocation for these countries,"[1]—and on May 8th, 1643, he boarded a French vessel for the voyage to Canada, a formidable undertaking which was to last ninety-six days. In this age of ocean greyhounds and

He starts for New France

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxxv, p. 157.

floating palaces it would be impossible to conceive the hardships and actual physical sufferings transatlantic travellers had to endure during a three months' voyage in the seventeenth century. The poverty of space on the sailing ships, the huddling together of all classes, the lack of sanitation, the difficulty of securing fresh food and water, were ordeals that only the stout-hearted could face.

Even a hundred years later, when the French King's vessels had begun to ply regularly between France and Canada, conditions showed little signs of improvement. One of Noël Chabanel's successors, Father Luke Nau, a Jesuit missionary in Canada, writing in 1734, gives us a glimpse of an eighty-day passage from La Rochelle to Quebec in a French man-of-war, *Le Ruby*. "We were packed into the dismal and noisome hold like sardines in a barrel," he writes. "We could make our way to our hammocks only after sustaining sundry bumps and knocks on limbs and head. A sense of delicacy forbade our disrobing, and our clothes, in time, made our backs ache. The rolling and pitching loosened the fastenings of our hammocks and hopelessly entangled them. On one occasion I was pitched out sprawling on a poor officer, and it was quite a time before I could extricate myself from the ropes and covering... Another disagreable feature was the company we were thrown in with day and night... A third was the stench and vermin. We had on board a hundred soldiers or so, freshly enrolled, each one of whom carried with him a whole regiment of picards (vermin) which in less than a week migrated in all directions..."[1] Father Chabanel suffered all these inconveniences during ninety-six days, and he hailed with evident satisfaction the end of a voyage so long delayed.

Trials met on the voyage

1 *The Aulneau Letters*, pp. 22-23.

The affairs of the colony in 1643 were in a pitiable condition. Supplies were anxiously awaited from the mother country; the season was advancing, and the non-arrival of the vessels from across the sea made the colonists fear that a disaster had taken place. It was not until the middle of August, on the feast of the Assumption, that the welcome news came that ships were rounding Point Levis. "As we were about to begin Mass," wrote Father Bartholomew Vimont, in the *Relation* of 1643, "two sails appeared, a league distant from our port. Joy and consolation filled the hearts of the inhabitants, but it was very greatly doubled when a ship's boat put off and brought us the news that Father Quentin was on board, with three worthy workers, religious of our Society, Fathers Leonard Garreau, Gabriel Druillettes and Noël Chabanel."[1]

Sad state of the colony

The arrival of these three recruits, men whose names were to live in our annals, was a welcome addition to the missionary forces already at work, for the Jesuits were anxious to carry a knowledge of Christianity to fresh fields. Up to this the sedentary Hurons had absorbed most of their energies, whilst other tribes, notably the Algonquins, were asking for missionaries. Unlike the Hurons, the Algonquins were nomadic; they roamed over the vast territory watered by the Ottawa River and Lake Nipissing. In the seventeenth century they had a few settlements in the valley of the Ottawa, the largest being on the island now known as Allumette Island. The fact that the route to the Hurons lay almost exclusively through the country occupied by those Indians brought them in contact with the French missionaries from the first years of the colony, but owing probably to their wandering

Welcomed by his brethren

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Cleveland edit., vol. xxiii, p. 287.

habits no effort had been made to establish missions among them.

Hurons and Algonquins

The time had come, however, to make a move in that direction, and reasons were not wanting why it should be made as soon as possible. While the Algonquins had always lived on more or less friendly terms with the Hurons, they had been for several years looking askance at the growing trade relations between the latter and the French. The Algonquins claimed control of the Ottawa River, and the passing up and down before their very doors of Huron flotillas laden with furs and other supplies, was causing a coolness which might any day develop into open conflict. Eleven years before, in 1633, the Algonquins of Allumette Island did not hide their mistrust of the missionaries whose influence was bringing the French and Hurons together, and they even threatened to do them violence. Years of calm had intervened, but no one knew how long peace would last, and it was evidently in the interests of the Jesuit missionaries to prevent any disturbance which might close the route to their missions on Georgian Bay.

Terrorized by the Iroquois

Another cogent reason for fostering friendly relations between the Algonquins and the Hurons was the obligation of being prepared to resist the common enemy of both. The relentless Iroquois were terrorizing not only the French but also the savages tribes. In 1642 forty Hurons were overpowered by them on their way down to Quebec; Father Isaac Jogues and his companion, René Goupil, were captured and taken to the cantons on the Mohawk, one to be tortured, the other to be killed. Bands of Iroquois kept incessant watch along the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa Rivers to intercept both Hurons and Algonquins and to slay pitilessly all who fell into their hands. The route to Georgian Bay was practically closed;

no flotilla had reached the colony in 1643; and the critical state of the missionaries who depended on Quebec for supplies was causing anxiety to the superiors of the Order. Besides, the lives of the missionaries in Huronia might be in danger; letters from them had been intercepted by the Iroquois, and no news had been received from them for over a year. The prospects looked so dark that a council was called by the Governor, de Montmagny, before the return home of the vessels which brought Chabanel from France, and it was decided to ask the mother country to send out military aid in the following spring.

He is retained in the colony

Owing to all these dangers and alarms Chabanel and Garreau were kept in Quebec during the winter of 1643-1644, preparing themselves for their future arduous labors. They were fortunate in having with them a veteran in the field, Father John de Brébeuf, who was then in the colony, and whose counsels were invaluable to the young and inexperienced missionaries. Brébeuf had been over sixteen years among the Hurons; he knew their language, their laws, customs, superstitions, the dangers as well as the consolations of the ministry among them, and his frankness on other occasions, for instance, in his admirable letter of instructions to young missionaries, published in the *Relation* of 1637, leads us to surmise that he held nothing back from the two recruits who arrived in 1643.

Starts for the Huron country

The winter passed slowly away, and with the opening of navigation in the spring of 1644 an attempt was made to carry succor to the Jesuits in Huronia. Father Joseph Bressani started in April, but the Iroquois were already on the alert; they seized him and hurried him into captivity. Four Huron flotillas, however, succeeded in running the blockade and reached Quebec safely. Three started back immediately with supplies, but they were

captured on the way. Meanwhile the soldiers asked for in the previous autumn had arrived from France, and the fourth flotilla which left the colony later in the summer of 1644, was able to advance westward in safety under military protection. After it had started, Vimont wrote, "The governor gave more than a score of brave soldiers from among those whom the queen has sent over this year to this country. They have gone to the Hurons to winter in their villages and to serve as an escort to them next year when they come down to Kebec."

On their long and lonesome journey to Huronia the strange but picturesque sights which met the eyes of those French soldiers and missionaries at every turn helped them to overlook the intolerable heat of summer, the fatigues of incessant paddling, the trudging over portages, the annoyance of insects and vermin, and the sleeplessness which was the result. The Ottawa route, destined to be famous for a couple of centuries in missionary and fur-trading annals, was still in its primeval wildness. Nature left to herself had covered the banks of the Ottawa and French Rivers and Lake Nipissing with pine and maple, and the only sounds heard echoing through those thick forests were the splashing of paddles and the chattering of Indians—novel scenes surely for eyes and ears fresh from the cities of Old France. The Ottawa valley has changed its face in the past two centuries, and so have the facilities which travellers enjoy who go through it on their way westward to the Great Lakes; in the middle of the seventeenth century conditions were primitive indeed, and the journey from Quebec to Georgian Bay was a formidable undertaking. However, the flotilla arrived safely at Fort Ste. Marie on September 7th; it was accompanied by three missionaries, Father de Brébeuf who had been absent three years and whose return was welcomed by all, Father Leonard Garreau who was to labor among the Algonquins at Endarahy, in the Parry Sound region, and Father Noël

Chabanel who was to begin the study of the Algonquin language and prepare himself for work among the members of this tribe who were living among the Hurons.

His first impressions

We may gather from a perusal of the *Relations* that Father Chabanel's first impressions of missionary life were evidently of a mixed character. He had arrived in Huronia under military guard and amid the alarms of war. He had not yet met the Iroquois, but he knew that they were lying in wait for him and his brethren, and ready at the first opportunity to cleave his head with the tomahawk; it did not need immediate contact with this tribe of savages, whose ferocity and notorious deeds were well known in France, to bring home to his sensitive and timid nature the extent of the sacrifice he had made in quitting his native land. Besides, the wild aspect of the new country, with its half-naked population, its bark cabins, its poverty and squalor, made a profound impression on him, and we may infer from the story of his life that his heart often travelled back to the peaceful classrooms in Toulouse and Rodez. As the months rolled by, the prospect of long years among savages came before his mind more vividly; it began to dawn on him that his life henceforward was to be an unbroken chain of cares and disppointments—a "bloodless martyrdom" he himself calls it— but he had put his hand to the plough and, with the help of Him who strengthens the weak, he was resolved not to turn back till he had reached the end of the furrow. The *Relations* do not hide the fact that as a missionary Chabanel had from the very outset many personal drawbacks to contend with. Although gifted with talent, as is evident from the years he successfully occupied the chairs of classics and rhetoric in France, his progress in the study of the barbarous Huron and Algonquin idioms was so slow that at the end of the first

A "bloodless martyrdom"

winter (1644-1645) he could hardly make himself understood "even in ordinary matters." The winter of 1645-46 passed by with similar non-success, and this to him was a subject of great mortification. It was, in fact, something more than this : it was a serious obstacle to the work he had come to do in Huronia. Without a knowledge of the language he was useless; he could not preach or catechize or enter in any practical way into communication with the tribe.

Hardships of his ministry

But these were not the only crosses Noël Chabanel had to carry. Notwithstanding his evident vocation to live and labor in the Canadian missions, a vocation he himself never questioned, his repugnance to Indian life and Indian customs grew with the months he spent amongst the natives. So opposed was his natural temperament to their gross ways and manners that he saw nothing in them to please him; the very sight of them, their conversation, all that concerned them, was extremely irksome to him; residence in their filthy cabins did such violence to his entire nature that he found therein nothing but the bitterest hardship, without the intermingling of any form of consolation. When the Jesuits visited villages where no permanent churches were established, they had to lead the Indian life and follow Indian customs closely. They slept on the bare ground at night and lived all day in cabins filled with smoke. In summer the conditions were not so bad, for life in the open was a luxury all could enjoy; but during their visits in the winter months they had to dwell in cabins where they suffered from the unbearable heat from the fireplaces in the beginning of the nights, and near the end suffered just as much from the piercing cold. In the morning they found themselves covered with snow which had drifted in through holes and crevices in the bark walls. Stench and vermin abounded in the Huron cabins; every sense was tormented night

and day. Father Chabanel could not accustom himself to the food of the country, the best prepared being usually a paste made of Indian corn-meal boiled in water. Though so poorly nourished he worked incessantly at the language even while visiting the villages; but there was no seclusion, no privacy, no room or other apartment where he could retire to study; no spot which was not open all day to the gaze of a mob of Hurons; he had no light but that furnished by the smoky fireplaces, and while reading his breviary or writing notes he was surrounded by ten or fifteen persons, children of all ages, who screamed, wept and wrangled.

This is a faithful picture of the missionary life led by Chabanel, and although the *Relation* mentions only casually his physical sufferings and inconveniences, we are left to infer that, had God not strengthened this holy man, his courage would have failed him. Grace from heaven as well as a strong human will was required to give stability to the resolution of a man of culture like Chabanel to live and die amid the conditions we have prescribed. Heaviest cross of all, God hid His presence now and then from him and left the missionary not merely a prey to all the repugnances of nature but overpowered with desolation of spirit. These are trials too severe for ordinary virtue, and the love of God must be intense in a human heart that can rise above them; supernatural courage must be strong, indeed, not to fail utterly amid such spiritual abandonment. And yet we know that God never withdrew His presence from Father Chabanel for a long period. Consoling graces were showered upon him to strengthen him and make him realize that he was not working alone, that the Supreme Consoler was watching him and would be his exceeding great reward. Amid all this Chabanel felt his own unworthiness and his failure as a worker in the vineyard, but he was inspired by the example of his

He resolves to persevere

fellow-missionaries. He persevered in the ungrateful task of trying to learn an Indian language and to assimilate Indian ways and customs, and left to God and His own good time the task of lightening the crosses which were bearing heavily on him.

Meanwhile he witnessed the beginning of a new era. In September, 1644, Paul Ragueneau replaced Jerome Lalemant as superior of the Huron mission. The letter received from the General of the Order, in Rome, sanctioning this change, had been intercepted by the Iroquois, but an unofficial communication from Quebec had reached Fort Ste. Marie informing Lalemant that he had been promoted to the superior generalship of all the Canadian missions, while Ragueneau was to replace him in Huronia. The latter took up his burden immediately, but the season was advanced and, as no opportunity offered for a passage to Quebec in 1644, Jerome Lalemant had to wait a whole year before he could return to the colony to assume the new and more important duties imposed upon him.

Changes among missionaries

This change of superiors did not affect the rank and file of the missionary forces in Huronia. The visits to the Indian villages went on as usual, the savages were instructed, the number of converts increased, the Fathers were as steadily employed in summer as in winter, village missions became residences, chapels were enlarged, cemeteries blessed, processions were held, interments made according to the rites of the Church, crosses were set up and solemnly venerated. The progress of the work was extremely consoling. "Of the seven churches in Huronia," wrote Jerome Lalemant, May 15th, 1645, "there are six with residences attached; the first at Ste. Marie; the five others at the five principal towns of the Hurons, namely, the Conception, St. Joseph, St. Michael,

Rapid progress everywhere

St. Ignace and St. John Baptist. The seventh church, that of the Holy Ghost, is made up of Algonquins who this year, together with a number of other nations, winter about twenty-five leagues from us on the great lake of the Hurons." Three missionaries, Claude Pijart and René Ménard, in 1642, and Léonard Garreau, in 1644, visited the Algonquins, and for months at a time they followed this homeless people "in the woods and on the rivers, over rocks and across lakes, having for shelter but a bark hut, nothing for a floor but the damp earth or the surface of some rough rock which served as table, chair, bed, room, kitchen, cellar, garret, chapel and all."[1]

Noël Chabanel was also engaged with the same tribe in 1644, but some difficulty is experienced in following his career in the years of 1665, 1666, and 1647. While Jerome Lalemant was superior in Huronia he was a faithful chronicler of events; in his *Relations* he gave names of the men and the places they visited and made easy the work of following the movements of the missionaries; but his successor, Paul Ragueneau, was not so considerate for posterity. Although as assiduous as his predecessor in recording details of the work done in the vineyard, he rarely gave the names of the workers. For this reason we are left to conjecture the whereabouts of Noël Chabanel in the years just mentioned. It is presumed, however, that he continued his labors among those Algonquins who selected a site close to the Hurons of Fort Ste. Marie in order to profit by the protection the French could give them against the Iroquois. We find traces of him in the winter of 1647, when, after a short stay at Ossossane with Father Simon LeMoyne, he returned to the Algonquins and remained with them till the spring of 1648, when they dispersed to their summer haunts.

Lives with the Algonquins

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxviii, p. 47.

Four years had now passed away in Huronia, and Father Chabanel's slow progress in acquiring a knowledge of the Indian tongue had placed him at such a disadvantage, and had been such an obstacle to his success as a missionary, that none felt his position more keenly than he. He began to feel that he was a worthless member of the community—a drone among busy men; and his fidelity to his vocation for the savages was put to a severe test. His deep sense of his uselessness overpowered him so completely that the temptation came to him to abandon the field and return to France. The arch-enemy of souls represented to him that by going back to his native land he would have the comforts and the satisfaction which he formerly enjoyed, and would there find employment better suited to his talents and character, employment in which so many saintly souls were practising the virtues of charity and zeal and spending their lives for the salvation of their fellow-men. Why could he not do in France what so many others were doing? Why spend his life fruitlessly in a barbarous land? The reasons were plausible and the temptation was strong; but Noël Chabanel had nailed himself to the Cross and he would not now ask God to take him down from it. In order to link himself to Huronia without hope of recall and to forestall similar temptations in the future, he bound himself by the following vow, on the feast of Corpus Christi, 1647, to remain in the Canadian missions until death:

His trials and temptations

Makes a vow of stability

"Jesus Christ, my Saviour, who by a wonderful dispensation of Thy paternal Providence, hast willed that I, though altogether unworthy, should be a fellow-helper of Thy holy apostles in this vineyard of the Hurons; impelled by the desire to obey the will of the Holy Spirit regarding me, that I should help forward the conversion to the faith of

the barbarians of this Huron country : I, Noël Chabanel, being in the presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament of Thy Body and Thy Precious Blood which is the tabernacle of God among men, make a vow of perpetual stability in this mission of the Hurons; understanding all things as the Superiors of the Society shall explain them and as they choose to dispose of me. I conjure Thee, therefore, oh my Saviour, to be pleased to receive me as a perpetual servant of this mission and to make me worthy of so lofty a ministry. Amen."

The heroic act was done and it was irrevocable; Chabanel had burned his ships behind him; and though rebellious nature continued to tax his virtue, grace prevailed. We shall see that God granted him the perseverance he so ardently desired.

The continual inroads of the Iroquois had obliged the Jesuits to abandon their isolated residences for more populous settlements where they should be better able to defend themselves. One of the residences thus affected was St. Ignace which was transferred to within two leagues of Fort Ste. Marie. Chabanel aided Brébeuf in this work in the spring of 1648, and became his companion and assistant at the neighboring hamlet of St. Louis. In February, 1649, having received an order to quit St. Ignace and proceed of the Petun nation, he was succeeded by Gabriel Lalemant who, a month later, was seized, cruelly tortured for eighteen hours and then put to death.

Is ordered to the Petuns

This opportunity of suffering for Christ, so near at hand and so quickly lost, was keenly felt by Father Chabanel. In a letter to his brother Pierre, a Jesuit in France, he revealed his humility, his holy desire to suffer, and his disappointment that another had wrenched from him the

martyr's crown. "Judging from human appearances," he wrote, "Your Reverence came very near to possessing a brother a martyr; but, alas! in the mind of God, the honor of martyrdom requires virtues of another stamp than mine. The Reverend Father Gabriel Lalemant, one of the three whom our *Relation* mentions as having suffered for Jesus Christ, had taken my place in the village of St. Louis, a month before his death, while I, being more robust of body, was sent upon a mission more remote and more laborious, but not so fruitful in palms and crowns as that of which my cowardice has, in the sight of God, rendered me unworthy. It will be when it shall please the Divine goodness, provided I strive to realize in my person *martyrem in umbra et martyrium sine sanguine*. The ravages of the Iroquois in this country will perhaps some day supply what is wanting, through the merits of those saints with whom I have the consolation of living so peaceful an existence in the midst of turmoil and continual danger." The holy man would not have long to wait for the crown he sighed for. Before the year 1649 was ended the opportunity to suffer for Christ would come; the glorious destiny he envied Father Gabriel Lalemant would also be his own.

He writes to his brother

The Petuns, whither he was to be sent, occupied the large territory, now so peaceful and prosperous, known as Nottawasaga township. Three missions, St John, St. Mathias and St. Matthew, had been already established there, the largest being St. John, at Etharita. This village had a population of five or six hundred families and Father Chabanel was named to supplement the labors of the zealous Charles Garnier. While he was still at Fort Ste. Marie preparing for his departure, numerous and well defined presentiments began to crowd in upon him that God's designs in his regard were on the eve of

He starts out for the Petuns

fulfilment. When bidding farewell to Father Chastellain, his confessor, he remarked to him, "My dear Father, may it be for good and all this time I give myself to God! May I belong to Him!" These words uttered with emphasis and with a countenance beaming with true sanctity, made such an impression on Chastellain that he was visibly affected, and happening at that hour to meet a third person he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Truly I am deeply moved. Father Chabanel had just now spoken to me with the voice of a victim who is about to be immolated. I know not what may be God's designs, but I see that in this Father, He is fashioning a great saint." And Chabanel himself remarked to one of his intimate friends. "I do not know what is going on within me or what God wishes to do with me, but in one respect I feel entirely changed. I am naturally very timid, but now that I am going to a dangerous post, and it seems to me that death is not far off, I no longer have any fear; and yet this frame of mind does not come from myself."

Presentiments of the end

Obedience had undoubtedly allotted a dangerous post to this holy man; God was leading him to the sacrifice. Events were developing so rapidly that his words, written to his brother in France, a few months before, began to assume a prophetic meaning that could be easily understood, "I entreat Your Reverence to remember me at the holy altar as a victim doomed, it may be to the fire of the Iroquois, that, with the help of the saints, I may obtain a victory worthy of the struggle." Time and circumstances showed that this was not an idle request. Fifteen Huron villages had already been devastated and the inhabitants dispersed in thickets and forests, on lakes and streams, and on islands unknown to the enemy. Many of them had sought refuge even among the Petuns. Only Fort Ste. Marie was left standing in the terror-stricken

Asks prayers for himself

region; but as this "home of peace" was no longer a refuge, the Jesuits resolved to destroy it also, so that it should not fall into the hands of the Iroquois, and then seek elsewhere a safer and more advantageous shelter. On May 15th, the whole establishment was given over to the flames by the missionaries themselves; a month later they built rafts and crossed over to St. Joseph's Island where three hundred families, refugees from the enemy, were already settled.

The Iroquois had roamed on the outskirts of the Petun territory all through the winter of 1648-1649; they were threatening the villages of the nation during the following spring and summer. The Petuns, however, owing to their isolation from the Hurons proper, hoped that the enemy would pass them by. But this hope was vain; Huron captives had assured Father Ragueneau that the Iroquois were on the point of attacking the Petun villages. This information excited his fears; the prudent superior felt that, in the crisis at which the affairs of the mission had arrived, it would be unwise to expose the lives of the two Fathers, Garnier and Chabanel, at Etharita, and he sent an order to the latter to return at once to St. Joseph's Island. He set out early on December 5th; two days later the Iroquois swooped down on Etharita while the main body of the Petun warriors were absent; they slaughtered Father Garnier and most of the inhabitants, and reduced the town to ashes. Evidently unware of this catastrophe, the heroic Chabanel continued his own journey. While passing through St. Mathias he remarked to Father Garreau, "I know not why obedience calls me back, or whether I shall be permitted to return to my post; but whether or no, I shall persevere and serve God even unto death." Accompanied by six or seven Christian Hurons, he quitted St. Mathias on the morning

The Iroquois massacre

Chabanel quits Etharita

of December 7th, and travelled six long leagues over a difficult road. He was overtaken that night in the thick of a forest, and while his fellow-travellers were asleep and resting, Chabanel remained awake and prayed. Towards midnight he heard a noise, accompanied by songs and shoutings, which evidently proceeded from a party of Iroquois jubilant over their great victory at Etharita and from the Petun captives who were singing their customary war-songs. Father Chabanel aroused his companions who fled at once into the forest or returned quickly to one of the Petun missions. Later they reported that the holy man had accompanied them a certain distance, but then, undoubtedly through sheer exhaustion, he fell on his knees, remarking to one of them, "It matters not whether I live or die; this life is of small consideration. The Iroquois cannot rob me of the joys of heaven."

Here the thread of events is broken. Nothing further is known of the missionary's movements. He probably rested a short time and started again at daybreak, December 8th, to continue his journey to St. Joseph's Island. A Huron who met him on the bank of the Nottawasaga River gave out the news later that Father Chabanel, in order to make his walking easier, had thrown away his hat, blanket and the bag containing his writings.

But is waylaid and slain

The holy missionary was no longer seen alive. At first it was uncertain whether he had fallen a victim to the Iroquois who had slain thirty persons in the neighborhood, or whether he had lost his way and perished from cold and hunger in the December snow. "After all," says the *Relation* of 1650, "it seems to us most probable that he was murdered by the Huron who was the last to see him alive." Suspicion fell on this savage who was well known as an apostate of Etharita; it was surmised that after he had killed the missionary and robbed him, he threw his body into the little river. Sufficient evidence,

however, could not be obtained to convict the assassin, and in the general misery of the moment the Jesuits judged it wise to smother their suspicions. If the Huron were guilty it was enough to know that God's purposes had been served and that He would avenge His servant in His own good time.

This was the story of the disappearance of Father Chabanel as given in the annual *Relation* of 1650. After it was written and sent to France for publication, Paul Ragueneau received information that the apostate Huron, Louis Honareannhak, the man on whom suspicion rested, had really done away with Father Chabanel. The assassin himself confessed his crime and added that he did it out of hatred of the faith, seeing that he and his family had met with all kinds of misfortunes and adversities from the moment they embraced the Christian religion. This information is given in Ragueneau's own handwriting in a document compiled in 1652, which is still unpublished and kept in the archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

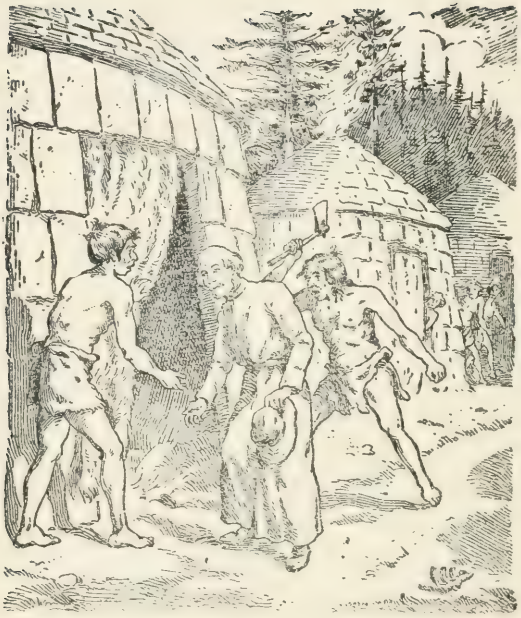
The assassin confesses

God did not allow the death of his faithful servant to go unpunished. Misfortunes still greater than those referred to by himself soon overpowered the unfortunate Huron apostate. His mother Geneviève, once a fervent Christian, became an impious wretch and followed her son's footsteps in crime and deviltry. The whole family fled southward to the Neutral nation where, in less than two years, they were destroyed by the Iroquois. Some perished by fire, others by the tomahawk, while others were carried into captivity. And thus God avenged his heroic servant who in season and out of season, in trials and tribulations, kept his vow of stability and persevered to the end.

Chabanel is one of the six names which always stands out prominently when we recall the heroic age of the

Canadian missions. He was only thirty-six years of age when he died, and had spent six years among the savages. The "shadow of martyrdom" followed him closely during those years, but the reality overtook him at last. His assassination, perpetrated out of hatred for the faith, according to the testimony of the criminal responsible for it, is our strongest motive for trying to keep his memory green until the Infallible Church put a final seal to the reputation for sanctity that this servant of God has enjoyed amongst us for over two centuries and a half. "Chabanel's death," wrote Charlevoix, the historian of New France, "while less striking in the eyes of man, was not less precious in the eyes of God, who judges us according to the disposition of our heart, and who keeps as strict an account of what we would like to have done as of what we have really done and suffered."

A cherished memory



FATHER ISAAC JOGUES

Slain by the Iroquois, October 18, 1646

Father Isaac Jogues

APOSTLE OF THE IROQUOIS

THIS heroic missionary who shed his blood for Christ in New France, near the middle of the seventeenth century, and who has left an illustrious name in our annals, was the son of a pious couple, Lawrence Jogues and Françoise de Saint-Mesmin. He was born at Orleans, in France, on January 10, 1607. While he was still young his father died, leaving him exclusively in the care of his "honored mother" (as he was pleased to call her in his letters), who had the privilege of directing in the paths of virtue the early footsteps of this great servant of God. In 1617 the boy began his studies in the Jesuit college which had been recently founded in his native city, and had reached the class of rhetoric when he heard the call of God; at the age of seventeen he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, in Paris, October 24, 1624.

His birth and early years

A desire for active service on foreign missions had already begun to reveal itself in the generous soul of the young novice. The arduous field of Ethiopia appealed to him at first and he asked to be sent thither; but prudent counsel turned these holy aspirations in another direction. His spiritual director told him that work among the natives of New France would amply gratify his ambition for trials and suffering; the savage Iroquois and Hurons would be worthy objects of his apostolic zeal. The novice bent his head in acquiescence; henceforward the missions beyond the Atlantic became for him the longed-for goal. Meanwhile, as several years of preparation

would necessarily intervene before the young religious could exercise his ministry, he set actively to work to acquire those virtues which would prepare him for his future apostolate.

At the end of his term of probation in 1626, Isaac Jogues was sent to the college of his Order at La Fleche where he spent three years in the fascinating study of philosophy. In 1629 we find him occupying a professor's chair in Rouen, whither he had gone to begin the term of teaching which usually forms part of a Jesuit's career. Shortly after his arrival there he had the consolation of meeting Father John de Brébeuf, Charles Lalemant and Ennemond Masse, three of his Jesuit brethren who had been driven back to France when the English seized Quebec, and who had gone to Rouen to await the outcome of Champlain's negociations to regain the colony.

His vocation is confirmed

The presence of those three pioneers of the Canadian missions in the college of Rouen and the young professor's daily contact with them, especially with Father de Brébeuf who had spent several years among the savage Hurons, undoubtedly strengthened his vocation and inspired him to be their generous rival in the coming years. In 1632 he returned to the college of Clermont, in Paris, to study theology and prepare for the priesthood. He was ordained early in 1636 and started for Canada in the summer of the same year.

After a wearying voyage of eight weeks the young missionary stepped ashore at Quebec, determined to give the best years of his manhood—he was only twenty-nine—to the service of God and souls. His first duty on landing was to inform his mother in Old France of his safe arrival in the New. "I do not know," he wrote her, "what it is to enter Heaven, but I do know that it would be hard to feel in this world a joy more intense or more overpowing than I felt when I set foot in this new world."

Father Jogues did not tarry long at Quebec. He had been named for the missions on the Lower St. Lawrence, but the call for more laborers in the Huron country changed the decision of his superiors in his regard. He was chosen to go to Huronia, and he set out immediately for Three Rivers to join the flotilla of canoes which was soon to start for Georgian Bay. At that little fort, recently built at the mouth of the St. Maurice, he had his first glimpse of what missionary life meant when he beheld the arrival from Huronia of a brother Jesuit, Father Anthony Daniel, bare-footed, broken with fatigue, his cassock in tatters, his breviary hanging from his neck by a cord. But the sight of the intrepid Daniel, haggard and wayworn, did not chill the ardor of the young priest; rather it spurred him on to similar sacrifices. He bravely stepped into a Huron canoe, waved farewell to his friends on shore, and started westward on his long journey.

He starts for Georgian Bay

The trip to Georgian Bay was the first great trial of a Huron missionary, a sort of initiation in the physical hardships of his future life. In Father Jogues' case, however, the journey was remarkable not so much for the trials he had to endure as for the rapidity with which it was accomplished. "I quitted Three Rivers on August 24," he wrote to his mother, "and such haste did we make that, instead of twenty-five or thirty days which the trip usually takes, only nineteen were required to reach the spot where five of our Fathers were stationed."

His brethren at Ihonatiria gave him a joyous welcome; unhappily their joy was soon turned into the gravest anxiety. The *Relation* of 1637 informs us that Father Jogues arrived in good health, but a week had hardly elapsed when he was seized with a dangerous fever which threatened to cut short his missionary career. The crushing poverty of the place, with its lack of medical aid and physical comforts, helped to ag-

His serious illness

gravate his condition until his life hung by a thread. The illness of Father Jogues at last developed such alarming symptoms that blood-letting, the panacea for many ills in those times, was resorted to, the patient himself acting as his own surgeon. A change for the better ensued, the fever gradually left him, his strength returned, his health continued slowly to improve. Before the winter set in he had begun to apply himself to the study of the language without which his presence in Huronia would have been useless. He accompanied the missionaries, future martyrs like himself, on their rounds through the neighboring villages, baptizing little children in danger of death, and imparting religious instruction to the sick and dying.

These first essays in the ministry among the Hurons gave the young missionary much consolation and helped to excite his zeal for future conquests. However, neither he nor his fellow Jesuits were without apprehensions, and in their letters to France they did not exaggerate the difficulties and dangers of their situation. They were living and laboring in the midst of superstitious savages who, while willing to receive the attentions of the Black-robes, dreaded their preternatural power, and attributed to their influence the evils which had begun to visit the nation. Father Jogues had been hardly a year among the Hurons when a pestilence broke out which carried off hundreds of the tribe. The Indians blamed the missionaries for these disasters and in their terror resolved to do away with them. Fearing that the unhappy wretches might carry out their murderous design, and feeling it to be his duty to acquaint his brethren in Quebec of the danger they were incurring, Father de Brébeuf wrote a farewell letter in which he and his fellow-missionaries revealed a complete resignation to whatever fate God had in store for them. This interesting document, which has been preserved for us in the

Missionary difficulties

Relation of 1638, was signed by all the Fathers of Ossossane, Brébeuf adding in a postcript, "I have left at the residence of St. Joseph (Ihonatiria) Father Peter Pijart and Father Isaac Jogues who are animated by the same sentiments."

Ihonatiria had been the scene of Jogues' labors during the first two years of his sojourn in Huronia. It was there he studied the intricacies of the Huron tongue, there he accustomed himself to the discomforts of life among the savages. When that residence was transferred to Teanaostaye, in 1638, Father Jogues was sent thither, and in November of the following year he started with Father Garnier to visit the Petuns, or Tobacco tribe, the first missionary expedition made beyond the Blue Hills. Unhappily, superstitious and ill-disposed Hurons had preceded them and had sown distrust in the minds of the Petuns. When the two Jesuits arrived they were received as dangerous sorcerers and treated as such. The savages refused to listen to them and finally drove them from their country.

Cast out by the Petuns

In September, 1641, a native ceremony, known as the "feast of the dead," brought together various nations bordering on Huronia. Among the delegates were a number of Sauteux, a tribe dwelling along the river which links the great lakes Huron and Superior. No Blackrobes had as yet gone so far west, and a pressing invitation to them to make the journey was gladly accepted. Father Jogues, accompanied by Father Charles Raymbault, set out in a bark canoe; after seventeen days' paddling they reached the village situated on or near the present site of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. The two missionaries were given a generous welcome by those pagans, and they would gladly have remained with them had not their services been needed nearer home. Other members of their Order took up the work of evangelization among this

Welcomed by the Sauteux

branch of the Algonquins in after years, but history records the fact that Jogues and Raymbault were the first whitemen who set eyes on Lake Superior; or, as the historian Bancroft puts it, "Thus did the religious zeal of the French bear the cross to the banks of the St. Mary and the confines of Lake Superior, and look wistfully towards the homes of the Sioux in the valley of the Mississippi, five years before the New England Eliot had addressed the tribe of Indians within six miles of Boston harbor."

Residence Sainte-Marie

Fort Ste. Marie, the large building planned by Father Jerome Lalemant as a central residence for the Huron missionaries on the river Wye, was then nearing completion. The main edifice was opened in the autumn of 1639, but various additions were made in the following three years to provide a home for the French in the service of the mission as well as a rendezvous for the Huron neophytes who were invited to come and renew their piety within its walls. During those three years Father Jogues was in charge. It was his privilege to welcome not merely the Indians whom he and Father Du-Peron had converted in the neighboring villages, but also those who came from the villages in the interior. In this important office he had the consolation of witnessing the results of the work of his fellow-missionaries.

Sent down to Quebec

However, while the Jesuits were gathering in the fruits of their ministry the situation was far from encouraging from a temporal point of view. Owing to the hostility of the Iroquois who had blocked the Ottawa route, no communication had been held with the French colony for a couple of years and the missionaries were reduced to the direst need. As the necessaries of life were wanting and as something had to be done to relieve the situation, it was decided in the spring of 1642 to attempt to reach Quebec. A flotilla, under the leader-

ship of Father Jogues, quitted Huronia and was successful in running the Iroquois blockade. The missionary laid before the authorities the desperate plight of the men on Georgian Bay, and canoes were soon on their way back laden with supplies. Father Jogues hoped to be as lucky on the home journey as he was on the downward trip, but he had not calculated with his crafty enemies. He had reached a spot thirty-one miles above Three Rivers when the flotilla was waylaid by a band of ferocious Iroquois who were awaiting its return. Several Hurons were killed outright in the skirmish; the rest, with the Jesuit and two young Frenchman, René Goupil and Guillaume Couture, were seized, beaten with clubs, tightly bound with thongs, flung into canoes and then taken up the Richelieu River over Lake Champlain and Lake George, to the village of Ossernenon [1] in the Mohawk country, where Father Jogues and his companions had to submit to other tortures.

Seized by the Iroquois

Shortly before his departure from Huronia, while kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, alone in the chapel at Ste Marie, he begged God to grant him the favor to suffer for His glory. He heard an interior voice telling him that his prayer would be heard, and counselling him to be strong and patient. The answer to his prayer came in the first days of his captivity. The barbarous Iroquois showered blows on him with sticks and iron rods, plucked out his beard, tore off his finger-nails and then with their teeth crushed the bleeding finger-tips; a squaw

He is cruelly tortured

1 Ossernenon, on the south bank of the Mohawk river, about forty miles from Albany, N. Y. This village, afterwards known among the Iroquois as Kendaougue or Caughnawaga, was the birthplace of Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks.

A Jesuit mission was established there in 1667 and lasted for seventeen years. The exact site of this famous village has been identified with that of Auriesville, Montgomery Co., N. Y., where a shrine has been erected in recent years to recall the memories of Father Isaac Jogues, René Goupil and Jean de la Lande slain by the Iroquois in the middle of the seventeenth century.

sawed off the thumb of his left hand; the little Indian children applied to his flesh burning coals and red hot irons. The Huron prisoners fared worse. They were hurried from village to village, notably Andaragon and Tionnontoguen, in each of which they were tortured anew and forced to mount platforms where in their pitiable state they were exposed to the ridicule and insolence of those barbarians. The poor missionary was spared this sorrowful journey, but he had meanwhile, notwithstanding his bleeding wounds and his intense pain, to submit to the cruel ordeal of suspension between two posts by cords tightly wound around his wrists. Goupil and Couture had also their share in these various tortures which happily, in Goupil's case, were soon to end. Three blows from a tomahawk, September 29, six weeks after his capture, gave the saintly young man the reward he so heroically purchased. This tragedy deeply impressed Father Jogues and led him to expect a similar fate in the near future. He had, in fact, been warned that his end would soon come, and he would probably have been slain had not some Dutch traders from Fort Orange (now Albany) intervened when they heard of his captivity and sufferings.

Death of his companion

The sympathetic fur-traders succeeded in saving the missionary's life but they did not secure his release from captivity. Already he had been formally adopted as a slave by one of the Mohawk clans and he had to undertake the most degrading menial labors, carrying burdens on his back over rough trails from village to village, following and serving his masters on the hunt and during their fishing expeditions, meanwhile bending under their blows when his efforts did not win their approval. While at home in Ossernenon he was allowed to wander freely through the village, but the eyes of his masters were continually watching him. He had been

A slave among the Iroquois

warned that his life was in danger if he passed beyond the limits of the village, and yet he escaped frequently to the neighboring forest to kneel before a cross he had carved in a large birch tree and there pour out his soul in prayer to God, "Whom he alone in those vast wilds adored." Perhaps the greatest torture the heroic sufferer had to endure was the desolation of spirit and mental anguish with which he was frequently overwhelmed. These trials he bore with unconquerable patience, but God oftentimes rewarded him by flooding his soul with sweetness and light. In these moments of ecstasy his physical suffering lost its poignancy, and he offered himself to his Heavenly Comforter to suffer even more for the glory of His name.

Weeks and months passed away in this rigid captivity. Father Jogues had been given up for dead; the news that he was still alive relieved the anxiety of his friends in France and Canada and urged them to take measures to free him from his unhappy lot. The Dutch in Fort Orange were also moved to sympathy and sought occasions for him to escape, but much to their surprise the holy man's zeal would not permit him to run away from a field of labor where there was still something to do for souls of the Christian Hurons who had been taken with him. He looked upon his slavery as a special disposition of Providence in their regard. Writing to his superior in France, in the summer of 1643, he asked who would, in the event of his release from captivity, remain to console and absolve his fellow captives? who would keep the Hurons attentive to their duties? who would teach the new prisoners, fortify them in their tortures and baptize them before they went to the stake? who would look after the dying children of the Mohawks and instruct the adults? In a letter which he sent to the governor at Quebec thirteen months after his capture, he wrote, "I have taken a resolution, which grows stronger

His zeal during captivity

every day, to stay here as long as it pleases our Lord, and not to seek my freedom, even though the occasion present itself. I do not wish to deprive the French, Huron and Algonquin prisoners of the help which they get from my ministry. I have given baptism to many who have since gone to heaven."

In the same letter he notified Montmagny that an attack was projected on the new fort which had recently been built by the French at the mouth of the Richelieu. This warning, which had been sent secretly, made the Iroquois suspect treachery somewhere; it put Father Jogues' life in such danger again that Keift, the Dutch governor of Manhattan, gave ordres to the commandant at Fort Orange to secure his freedom if possible. When this fresh effort in his behalf was made known to him, the holy Jesuit once more refused to listen; nor unless it was plainly the will of Heaven would he throw off his shackles. On this occasion, however, he spent a whole night in prayer asking God to inspire him what to do, whether or no it were His will that he should remain a slave. After mature deliberation and evidently with a clear conscience, he decided to make a strike for freedom; shortly afterwards he disappeared while the Mohawks were fishing in the Hudson. He fled to Fort Orange where he lay hidden and in constant danger of being apprehended by the savages who were furious at his flight. After six weeks of exciting adventures he succeeded in boarding a vessel which brought him down the Hudson river, accompanied by Jan Megapolensis, a Calvinist minister, who proved himself a sincere friend of the Jesuit. Six days later he reached New Amsterdam (New York) where he received a warm welcome from the governor. His arrival caused a sensation in the Dutch settlement, the marks of his tortures, plainly visible, and his wretched poverty exciting the sympathy of all. One of the colonists fell at his feet and kissed his mangled

His escape from the Iroquois

hands, exclaiming, "Martyr of Jesus Christ!" a testimony which echoed the sentiments of the whole Calvinist community.

Father Jogues had no alterntaive left now but to return to France; to retrace his steps to Canada through the Mohawk country meant certain death. After a month's delay in New Amsterdam the opportunity of a voyage to Europe presented itself. A bark of fifty tons weighed anchor in Manhattan harbor and sailed down the bay to the Atlantic, with the Jesuit on board. Clothes had been given to him by the Dutch to replace the rags of his captivity, but he suffered much hardship and penury during the voyage. Being without money to pay his passage or to procure the necessaries of life, Father Jogues had to depend on the charity of a Calvinist crew who were not as indulgent as their brethren in Manhattan. After seven weeks the coast of England was sighted, and on Christmas Day the bark ran into Falmouth harbor, in Cornwall. Even there ill-luck and misery pursued the poor missionary. While the sailors were ashore, robbers entered the vessel and snatched from him the coat and hat which had been given him by the Dutch to shield him from the wintry weather. A French brig brought him across the channel, and the day after Christmas he landed on the coast of Brittany in the direst distress, with hardly clothing enough to cover his weak and emaciated body. He would have perished from cold and hunger had not a charitable merchant helped him to pay his way to the Jesuit college at Rennes. There Father Jogues met his brethren in religion who made him forget for the nonce all his trials and sufferings.

He returns to Old France

The *Jesuit Relations*, published in France every year and read so extensively, had made the Iroquois savages well known in that country and had given them an unenviable notoriety. When the news spread about that a missionary had arrived who had been a victim of their

cruelties, Father Jogues was looked on as a confessor of the faith, and sympathy and veneration were shown him on every side. In Paris the Court of France wished to see and speak with the servant of God. When the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, saw the marks of his sufferings and when she heard from his own lips the tale of his captivity, she was moved to deep compassion, and remarked that this was a case where truth was stranger than fiction. All these expressions of esteem and sympathy grieved the humble missionary, and he sought to hide what were in reality the tokens of his heroism. Meanwhile his health continued to improve; the gentle care lavished on him in his homeland gave him a new lease of life. There was one cross, however, which he had still to carry; if that were lifted his happiness would be complete. Owing to the loss of an index finger and the mutilation of the others, he was deprived of the privilege of saying Mass. This was an impediment which could be removed by the Sovereign Pontiff and a petition was accordingly sent to Rome. Urban VIII graciously granted the holy man permission to officiate at the altar again, remarking, at the same time, that a martyr of Christ should not be prevented from drinking the Blood of Christ—*Indignum esset martyrem Christi non bibere sanguinem Christi.*

Yearning for the missions

While a six months' sojourn in France had had a salutary effect on the health of Father Jogues, it had also given him new courage and spurred him on to further sacrifices. The foretaste of martyrdom which he had received among the Iroquois had inspired this athlete of the Cross with a desire to drink deeper of the bitter cup; but he knew that he could not quench this thirst in his native land. The lure of the Canadian missions had seized the intrepid missionary again; he was ready to face another voyage across the Atlantic to reach them. In the spring of 1644 he sailed from La Rochelle for the

land "where the fragrance of his virtues refreshed and comforted all those who had the happiness of knowing and conversing with him."

Montreal, then in the second year of its existence, was the first scene of his ministry after his return from France. Sieur Chomedy de Maisonneuve was the guiding genius of the little colony begun under the auspices of Mary at the foot of Mount Royal, and Jogues lent his aid to the founder to strengthen the souls of those brave pioneers whose communal life recalled the fervor and simplicity of the primitive Christian Church.

Sad state of the colony

In 1644 Montreal was the outpost of French civilization in Canada nearest the Iroquois and was necessarily exposed to their raids; but Quebec and Three Rivers, further down the St. Lawrence, were also in danger. No spot in the French colony was safe from those roving savages, and Montmagny was at a loss to know how it was all going to end. The affairs of the French were at a low ebb; their military strength was well nigh exhausted; their Huron allies were demoralized; the fur trade was waning; the colonists lived in dread of the Iroquois who were constantly prowling around the settlemnets and along the waterways. The governor of the colony knew well that he could neither punish those daring enemies nor dictate terms of peace to them; his only fear was that they were aware of his precarious situation.

On the other hand, De Montmagny had learned from prisoners and others that the Iroquois were also showing signs of weakness as a result of the long struggle, and a hope arose within him that perhaps some sort of treaty might be concluded with the Confederacy. From among the prisoners whom the French still held, the governor selected a Mohawk chief whom he sent back to his country to feel the pulse of the nation and learn whether or no his fellow countrymen would be willing to bury the

hatchet. This proposal, accompanied as it was by presents, was received with evident satisfaction, for the Mohawk returned shortly after with other chiefs to discuss terms of peace. Conferences were held at Three Rivers in which Father Jogues was called to take part, his knowledge of the Iroquois tongue and the experience gained during his captivity making him a valuable interpreter as well as prudent counsellor. There was much talk but little progress during those parleys, but in the end mutual promises of peace and good will were made, and the Iroquois delegates returned to their cantons. The French, however, were not enthusiastic over the results of the deliberations; they had had such thrilling experiences of the double dealing and treachery of the Iroquois that they did not put much confidence in their profession of future peace. Still it would have been impolitic to reveal these suspicions, and, two years later, the governor suggested the sending of an embassy from Quebec to show how satisfied he was at the happy outcome of the negociations. A French embassy would flatter the Iroquois and might possibly impress them.

He assists at a peace treaty

Father Jogues was chosen as one of the ambassadors. This new task called for courage and abnegation; it meant going back to the land of his tortures and his thirteen months' captivity. At the first intimation he received of this new mission a moment of fear and hesitation arose in the bosom of the heroic man. "Would you believe that on opening Your Reverence's letter," he wrote to Jerome Lalemant, his superior at Quebec, "my heart was, as it were, seized with dread... My poor nature quailed when it recalled the past, but our Lord in His goodness has calmed it and will continue to do so." A patriotic duty called Jogues to make this new sacrifice, and stifling all sentiment of fear, he set out on May 16, 1646,

Ambassador to the Iroquois

for the Mohawk cantons, accompanied by Jean Bourdon, one of the chief citizens of the colony. His instructions were not merely to express the governor's feelings regarding the future peace between the French and Iroquois, but also to secure the adhesion of the cantons which had held back on the plea that they had not been invited to the conferences at Three Rivers. In this mission Father Jogues was not entirely successful. At an assembly which he convoked at Ossernenon in June, only the Mohawks and a few Onondaga delegates were present. The other Iroquois cantons were so little interested in the peace proposals of the French governor that at that moment they were hidden here and there along the Ottawa river looking for the scalps of French, Huron and Algonquin stragglers. Even the Mohawks themselves, then the most powerful unit of the Iroquois Confederacy, were divided. The Wolf and Turtle clans were willing to stand by the treaty of Three Rivers, but the Bear clan refused to be bound by barriers of any kind; they were resolved to go to war when their interests called for it. However, Father Jogues had secured the adherence of the majority—a pyrrhic victory at most—and after an absence of six weeks he was back in Three Rivers.

Although undertaken for reasons of state this second visit to "the land of his crosses" had revealed anew to the furture martyr the spiritual destitution of the unfortunate Iroquois. It excited his zeal for the conversion of his former persecutors and he promised himself an early return to them, perhaps in the autumn. So confident was he that no opposition would be offered in the colony to this project that he left in the safe-keeping of the Indians a box of clothes and religious articles in order to avoid the annoyance and expense of double transportation. His plans fully met the wishes of his superiors who desired nothing better than that the new era of peace should be employed in spreading the Gospel among

Returns as a missionary

the Iroquois. The Jesuits determined to attempt the establisment of a mission in the cantons along the Mohawk river and Father Jogues was the man to attempt it. And yet, notwithstanding this decision and his own heroic abnegation, the holy man had his presentiments of danger. He wrote to a friend in France, "My heart tells me that if I have the blessing of being employed on this mission, *ibo et non redibo*, I will go but shall not return. But I will be happy if our Lord be willing to finish the sacrifice where He began it, and if the little blood which I have shed in that land be a pledge of what I would willingly yield from every vein in my body." In giving expression to these grave words Father Jogues was prophesying better than he knew. After his return from the embassy in the previous June a change in public sentiment in his regard had taken place among the Mohawks. A pestilence had broken out and had carried off many victims; the crop of Indian corn was destroyed by worms, and the superstitious Indians laid the blame on the box which the Blackrobe had left behind him in their care. The box, they said, concealed an evil spirit which was spreading the contagion and causing their people to die. This apparently trifling incident was used by the Bear clan to justify their irreconcilable attitude towards the French and their missionaries. Why should they join the Wolf and the Turtle clans in welcoming one who was showing himself a public malefactor ?

Presentiments of the end

The holy missionary, quite unconscious of these happenings, was preparing to go to live among them. Even had he known of the threatening danger it is doubtful whether the nearness of death would have alarmed him or caused him to put off the beginning of so great a work. After having said farewell to his brethren in Three Rivers, a farewell which was to be his last, he set out on September

24, 1646, with a companion, Jean de la Lande, and a few Hurons. After that date he was seen no more by whitemen. It was learned later that he had arrived at the village of Anadaragon on October 17. The wretched barbarians hardly gave him time to reach his cabin when they seized him, stripped him of his clothing and cruelly beat him. "You shall die tomorow," one them exclaimed; "but do not fear; you shall not be burned; you shall fall under our tomahawks." The humble victim, now completely at their mercy, tried to make them realize the enormity of their crime. He reminded them of the treaty of peace entered into between the French and themselves. He came to them as a friend, to live with them, to show them the way to heaven. He feared neither torture nor death—why, then, did they seek his life? Did they not fear the vengeance of the Great Spirit? These words, however, were received with derision. The only response the treacherous Iroquois gave him was to cut bits of flesh from his arms and devour them before his eyes. In the evening of the following day, October 18, 1646, a couple of savages accompanied him to his lodge, where a traitor armed with a tomahawk was hiding behind the door. The unhappy missionary had hardly crossed the threshold when a blow split his head open and he fell lifeless to the ground bathed in his own blood. He was decapitated and his head placed on a picket. The next day his body was thrown into the Mohawk river.

Treatment by the Mohawks

Treacherously assassinated

The news of the murder did not reach Quebec until June of the following year. A letter from Kieft, the Dutch governor, to Montmagny announced that Father Jogues had been assassinated shortly after his arrival in the country, the only reason given for the atrocious deed being that the missionary had concealed an evil spirit

1 See No. 8 of this series.

among some clothes which he had left in their custody. This spirit had spread pestilence in the country and caused their crops of corn to fail. A second letter from the same quarter gave the details of the murder which we have cited above and added that it was the Bear clan that had put him to death.

This tragic event created a painful sensation in the French colony and showed what little reliance could be placed in the promises of the treacherous Iroquois. The Jesuits, on their side, were deeply moved; Father Jogues was the first of their Order in Canada to be slain by the savages. But his death was looked upon as a triumph; all were convinced that this victim of savage hatred had gone to Heaven; the blood he shed for Christ had won him an eternal crown. Both missionaries and citizens looked on him as a martyr of the faith. "We have honored this death," writes Lalemant, "as that of a martyr. Although far apart without being able to confer with each other, many of us could not resolve to say Mass for his soul. But we offered the adorable Sacrifice in thanksgiving for the favor which God had bestowed on him. The lay people who knew him intimately and our religious communities had also the same sentiments; they were drawn rather to invoke him than to pray for his soul."

His death is deplored

Father Jerome Lalemant, to whom we are indebted for the account of the glorious death of Jogues, discusses his case in the *Relation* of 1647 and continues in this strain: "In the opinion of many learned men (whose opinion seems reasonable) a man is really a martyr before God, first, if he gives testimony before Heaven and earth that he values the faith and the preaching of the Gospel more than his life; and, secondly, if truly conscious of the danger he incurs, he still throws himself into it for Jesus Christ, protesting that he is willing to die to make Him known. It was in this way that Father Jogues

gave up his soul to Jesus Christ and for Jesus Christ. I will say more : not merely did he take the means to spread the Gospel, means which caused his death, but we may be assured also that he was killed out of hatred of the doctrines of Christ... In the Primitive Church the reproach was cast against the children of Christ that they caused misfortunes everywhere, and some of them were slain on that account; likewise are we persecuted here because of our doctrines, which are none other than those of Christ. We are told we depopulate their countries. It is for these doctrines that they killed Father Jogues, and consequently we may regard him as a martyr before God."

Looked on as a martyr

This verdict, given in the seventeenth century, has been that of posterity. Not merely has the name of Father Jogues become a symbol in American history of heroic endurance in suffering, but he has always been looked upon as a martyr as well. The veneration with which his memory has been surrounded has culminated in the desire to see him granted the honors of Beatification. In 1884 the Fathers of the Third Council of Baltimore petitioned the Holy See to permit the introduction of his Cause and that of his companion, René Goupil, before the Roman tribunals. In August, 1916, the Decree was published by the Sacred Congregation of Rites permitting the Cause to proceed. Let us hope that we may soon be able to invoke this heroic missionary as one of the officially proclaimed martyrs of God's Church.

RENE GOUPIL

Slain by the Iroquois, September 29, 1642

René Goupil

VICTIM OF THE IROQUOIS

RENE Goupil, the Jesuit novice whose Beatification is now being urged before the Sacred Congregation of Rites, was a worthy companion of the heroic missionaries who shed their blood for Christ in Canada in the seventeenth century. Apart from the fact that he was a native of Anjou, in France, and that he was born about the year 1607, the documents which we possess tell us very little about his early years. We are indebted to Father Isaac Jogues, his fellow prisoner among the Iroquois, and himself a martyr, for the few details which have come down to us concerning this servant of God.

Piety of his early years

Goupil was evidently the child of pious parents, for when he was old enough to appreciate the value of his soul and to weigh his own spiritual responsibility, he aspired to give himself entirely to God in the the religious life, and he turned to the Society of Jesus as the goal of his desires. "In the bloom of his youth," writes Father Jogues, "he urgently requested to be received into our novitiate at Paris."[2]. While there he gave great edification by his strict observance of the rules and regulations which are imposed on all those who would become followers of St. Ignatius. While his fervor was constant, his physical strength was not equal to the strain put upon it. The young novice was forced to abandon the hope of

2 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxviii, p. 117.

persevering in the Jesuit Order or of consecrating himself to the life of study which the Order called for. However, he did not murmur at this upsetting of his plans; God was evidently satisfied with his good will and He would find him other ways of carrying out His eternal designs in his regard. Suffice it to say that the short time the young man spent in the novitiate had an influence on the rest of his career.

René Goupil returned to secular life and applied himself to the study of surgery. Yet, while hard at work at this branch of human science, the fire of zeal and self-sacrifice burned in his generous soul; the desire to serve God more intimately had undergone no change. He regretted that the priestly career had been closed to him; however, if it were not the wish of the Great Master to accept him for His service at the altar, Goupil did not despair of serving Him in a humbler sphere.

His zeal and self-sacrifice

Since the year 1626 the Jesuits had been actively at work in the New World. Invited by the Recollects to share their labors among the native tribes, the sons of St. Ignatius had founded missions among the Montagnais on the St. Lawrence, and had begun a similar work among the thirty thousand Hurons living on Georgian Bay. After three years of untiring energy and zeal, they were banished to France when the English seized Quebec in 1629, but they returned as soon as the colony was ceded back, in 1632, by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye. They were again in the arduous field and more numerous than ever. Fresh contingents arrived every summer to open new centers of evangelical activity and to spread the influence of Christianity among thousands of poor pagans who had never heard of the true God or of His salutary redemption. Their labors were begining to bear fruit; they were gathering in a rich harvest of souls; thousands of converts

The missions of New France

to the faith were the reward of those heroic men who had abandoned home and country to labor for Christ and suffer for His name. Those labors and sufferings were known and appreciated in the mother country through the publication of the *Relations*, a series of remarkable documents begun in 1635 and continued until 1673, and about which, owing to their influence on the career of Goupil, a few remarks here should not be out of place.

The Jesuit Relations

Every summer the missionaries sent in from the various parts of the mission-field detailed reports of their labors, notes on the tribes they lived with, their customs, their superstitions, the record of individual conversions, even the virtues practised by the neophytes. The superior at Quebec, in his turn, made a summary of these reports, sometimes using the missionaries' own words, at other times changing them to give harmony to the style, and when this task was completed he sent the manuscript to France. For forty years a little volume, bound in vellum, appeared in Paris yearly; it was read by thousands; it kept the missions well in the public eye and rendered other valuable services to the new French colony beyond the sea.

A recent writer claims even that the *Jesuit Relations* saved the colony to the motherland. "The avarice of the fur-traders was bearing its natural fruit," he writes, "and the untiring efforts of Champlain, a devoted, zealous patriot, had been unavailing to counteract it. The colony sorely needed the self-sacrificing Jesuits, but for whom it would have undoubtedly been cast off by the mother country as a worthless burden. To them Canada, indeed, owed its life; for when the king grew weary of spending treasure on this unprofitable colony, the stirring appeals of the *Relatons* moved both king and people to sustain

it until the time arrived when New France was valued as as barrier against New England."[1]

But these remarkable documents produced other beneficial results as well. Besides exciting the zeal of future apostles, many of whom got their first notions of sacrifice from them, they aroused the enthusiasm and prompted the generosity of pious and wealthy Catholics in France, and were the occasion of endowing Canada with institutions which, after nearly three centuries, are still doing God's work. It was the reading of the *Relations* that urged Madame de la Peltrie to consecrate her personal service and her fortune to the establishment of the Ursulines at Quebec; the Duchess d'Aiguillon, niece of Cardinal Richelieu, and Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance, impressed by the perusal of the little volumes, gave their noblest efforts to help the sick and unfortunate in New France; the hospitals of Hotel Dieu in Quebec and Montreal are monuments still flourishing that bear testimony to the influence the *Relations* had on those two heroines of charity. Another institution which traced its origin to the same source was the Algonquin mission established at Sillery, in 1637, through the generosity of Noël Brulart, Chevalier de Sillery.[1]

Owing to his environment in Paris and his constant contact with his former spiritual masters, it is hard to

1 *The Jesuit Missions*, by Thomas Guthrie Marquis ("Chronicle of Canada" series). Toronto: Glasgow, Brook & Co., 1916. (p. 14).

1 The Jesuits performed a great service to mankind in publishing their annals, which are, for historian, geographer, and ethnologist, among our first and best authorities. Many of the *Relations* were written in Indian camps amid a choas of distractions. Insects innumerable tormented the journalists, they were immersed in scenes of squalor and degradation, overcome by fatigue and lack of proper sustenance, often suffering from wounds and disease, maltreated in a hundred ways by hosts who, at times, might more properly be called jailers; and not seldom had savage superstition risen to such a height that to be seen making a memorandum was certain to arouse the ferocious enmity of the band. It is not surprising that the composition of these journals of the Jesuits is sometimes crude; the wonder is, that they could be written at all. Nearly always the style is simple and direct. Never does the narrator descend to self-

believe that these human documents did not also fall under the eyes of the young surgeon, or that the perusal of them did not speak to his soul and make him feel that there was work waiting for him on the other side of the Atlantic. There was a field in which, if he could not work directly in the apostolate for souls as he wished, he could at least help those who did. Such noble aspirations were not to lie dormant; the young man set about realizing his plans; and acting under the advice of the Jesuits, with whom he remained intimately united, he decided to give himself to the missions of Canada. "When his health improved," writes Father Jogues, "he journeyed to New France in order to serve the Society there, since he

He arrives in New France

glorification, or dwell unnecessarily upon the details of his own continual martyrdom; he never complains of his lot; but sets forth his experience in phrases the most matter-of-fact. His meaning is seldom obscure. We gain from his pages vivid pictures of life in the primeval forest, as he lived it; we seem to see him upon his long canoe journeys, squatted amidst his dusky fellows, working his passage at the paddles, and carrying cargoes upon the portage trail; we see him the butt and scorn of the savage camp, sometimes deserted in the heart of the wilderness, and obliged to wait for another flotilla, or to make his way alone as best he can. Arrived at last, at his journey's end, we often find him vainly seeking for shelter in the squalid huts of the natives, with every man's hand against him, but his own heart open to them all. We find him, even when at last domiciled in some far-away village, working against hope to save the un-baptized from eternal damnation; we seem to see the rising storm of opposition, invoked by native medicine-men—who to his seventeenth century imagination seem devils indeed—and at last the bursting climax of superstitious frenzy which sweeps him and his before it. Not only do these devoted missionaries—never in any field has been witnessed greater personal heroism than theirs—live and breathe before us in the *Relations*; but we have in them our first competent account of the Red Indian, at a time when relatively uncontaminated by contact with Europeans. We seem, in the *Relations*, to know this crafty savage, to measure him intellectually as well as physically, his inmost thoughts as well as open speech. TheFathors did not understand him, from an ethnological joint of view, as well as he is to-day understood; their minds were tinctured with the scientific fallacies of their time. But, with what is known to-day, the photographic reports in the *Relations* help the student to an accurate picture of the untamed aborigine, and much that mystified the Fathers is now by aid of their careful journals, easily susceptible of explanation. Few periods of history are so well illuminated as the French régime in North America. This we owe in large measure to the existence of the Jesuit *Relations*.—Reuben Gold Thwaites: *Introduction to the Cleveland edition of the Relations*, 1896, (p. 39-41).

had not the blessing of giving to it in Old France."[1] The young man reached Canada about the year 1640, and from the moment of his arrival gave himself up to the service of the missionaries. "Although he was fully master of his own actions," writes Jogues, "he submitted himself with great humility to the superior of the missions who employed him for two whole years in the lowliest offices of the house." There were several others who aided the Jesuits in a similar way. The Canadian missions had in their employ a certain number of lay helpers, known as *donnés*, or oblates, who served without wage and looked to God for their reward, the Fathers on their side guaranteeing to provide for their needs till the end of their days.

This was the class to which René Goupil was admitted when he arrived in Canada. The taste of the life he had led during his few months of novitiate in Paris, and the principles he imbided there, had given him the desire to do all he could for God in this humble sphere. There was scope enough for him in Quebec to exercise his skill as a surgeon; the college with its teachers and students, the flourishing Algonquin mission at Sillery, the seminary at Notre Dame des Anges, were more than enough to keep him employed. But his busy life in these institutions did not prevent him from being useful elsewhere. Father Jogues informs us that the Hotel Dieu, then at the beginning of its long career of usefulness, profited by his professional skill. He was assiduous in serving the sick and wounded there; like so many saints before him in the history of the Church, the young man saw Our Lord in His suffering members and treated them with all the patience and charity which he would have shown to the Master Himself.

His active life in Quebec

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxviii, p. 117.

Goupil had now been two years in Canada and was witnessing the French colony growing in numbers and in prestige. The Jesuits were very successful in their missions on the St. Lawrence, but they were much concerned about their brethren among the Hurons on far-off Georgian Bay, no word having reached them from that quarter for two summers. Watchful Iroquois were prowling along the Ottawa, making communication with that distant field almost impossible. The fears expressed at Quebec that the missionaries were in dire straits and were lacking the necessaries of life, had indeed a solid foundation. "Their clothes were falling to pieces," writes Bancroft; "they had no wine for the chalice but the juice of the wild grape, and scarce bread enough for consecration."[1] In fact, so critical had the situation become among the Huron missionaries that in the spring of 1642 it was decided, notwithstanding the perils of the route, to attempt the journey down to Quebec and bring back supplies as quickly as possible. Twenty-five stalwart Hurons started from Fort Ste. Marie on June 13, in four large bark canoes, accompanied by Father Jogues and Father Charles Raymbault, the latter returning to Quebec to die. By clever maneuvring they succeeded in running the Iroquois blockade on the Ottawa, and after thirty-five days' paddling they reached Three Rivers. A few days later they were in Quebec, gathering in supplies for their return journey.

A new career opens up

The visit of Father Jogues to Quebec proved the turning point in the career of René Goupil. The young man met the missionary, and heard from his own lips the conditions of life on Georgian Bay, the crushing poverty of the Jesuits there, and above all the need there was of medical aid among the Hurons. Jogues spoke out of the fullness of his own experience; he had been brought

1 *History of the United States*, vol. ii, p. 788.

to death's door in 1636 when he was forced to act as his own surgeon. Besides, the frequent recurrence of contagious diseases which were thinning out the Indian population, made the presence of one who could treat the Hurons professionally an absolute necessity. The young man was won over. He was aware that his departure would deprive Sillery and Quebec of his precious services, but other and higher considerations prevailed. The greater good for the greater number was a motive that appealed to him; it would be easier to replace him at Quebec than it would be to get a volunteer for Georgian Bay. He offered himself for service on the Huron mission if the superior were willing to let him go.

Jogues petitioned Father Vimont to allow the young surgeon to accompany him to Huronia, and greatly to the satisfaction of both the permission was granted. "I cannot express the joy he felt," writes Jogues, "when the superior told him to prepare for the journey." The missionary did not conceal from Goupil the perils he might encounter. He impressed upon him that the Iroquois were at war with the French and were lurking along the Ottawa, ready to seize both French and Huron whom they met on the way. These apprehensions had no effect on the mind of the heroic man; his decision had been made and it was irrevocable. Meanwhile the flotilla was preparing to start; supplies had been laid in the canoes : clothing, church ornaments, house utensils, books, and—touching detail !—several bundles of letters and messages for the missionaries in Huronia from their friends and relatives in Old France.

He starts for Huronia

The first halt was made at Three Rivers. Although only ninety miles from Quebec, this post was the extreme westerly limit of French civilization in the year 1642. It had been founded eight years before by Sieur Laviolette and the fur-traders, its favorable site at the mouth of

the St. Maurice making it a fitting meeting-place for the numerous Indian tribes who assembled there to barter their furs. Jogues and Goupil reached the trading-post on July 31, in time to celebrate with their brethren, Buteux and Poncet, the feast of the founder of their Order. The following day the twenty-two Hurons held a council, as was their custom in critical circomstances, during which they encouraged one another to face the common enemies bravely should they chance to meet them. There were still pagans in the Huron party, but the greater number were fervent neophytes who did not fail to pray God for a safe return to their country. The tone of their speeches revealed a complete submission to the will of Divine Providence, although they hoped that as they had made the downward journey safely the Iroquois would let them go back in peace.

Captured by the Iroquois

Early on August 2, they set out. During that first day nothing happened that would presage an interrupted journey. They had paddled thirty-one miles and had camped for the night on the shore opposite an island in Lake St. Peter. Early next morning human tracks were discerned freshly imprinted on the sand, and a moment of hesitation and doubt intervened. However, whether these traces of human passage were made by friend or enemy, they were few in number, and the travellers decided to proceed. But there again the craftiness of the foe was in evidence. A mile or two further west the flotilla fell into an ambush of seventy Iroquois who had been hiding in the long reeds and wild grass that lined the borders of the lake. The enemy quietly waited until the canoes were within firing distance when they rose from their crouching position, uttered terrifying war-whoops, and fired on the unsuspecting Hurons. A couple of the latter were wounded, and the Iroquois bullets pierced the canoes. When these frail

vessels began to leak the occupants turned their prows shoreward and leaped out. Some disappeared quickly in the forest; others, less agile, were surrounded by the enemy. Among the latter were Father Jogues, René Goupil and Guillaume Couture. Notwithstanding the yells and wild gesticulations of the blood-thirsty Iroquois, the dozen Hurons who had not escaped decided to sell their lives as dearly as possible. They were valiantly resisting when they perceived a new contingent of forty Iroquois hastening across the river to aid their captors. The struggle was now unequal; several Hurons who were still able fled to the woods, leaving the Frenchmen and a few faithful neophytes who heroically stood their ground and refused to abandon the missionary. While the Iroquois were pursuing the fleeing Hurons René Goupil threw himself at the feet of Father Jogues, made his confession, received absolution, and then offered himself in sacrifice to God.

His virtue revealed itself at that critical moment of his life. In a sublime act of resignation he turned to his priestly companion and exclaimed, "Father, may God be blessed! He has permited this; may His holy will be done! I accept this cross; I desire it; I embrace it with all my heart!"[1] Meanwhile the Iroquois had returned with the unhappy Hurons. They seized Goupil, tore off his finger nails, crushed his bleeding fingers between their teeth, stripped him of his clothing and showered blow after blow on him with their fists and knotty sticks. Notwithstanding the excruciating pain he was enduring, the young man showed great fortitude and presence of mind. Amid his tortures he called the attention of Father Jogues to an aged Huron whom the Iroquois were about to despatch with a tomahawk. He also helped the missionary

He is cruelly tortured

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxviii, p. 119.

to instruct a Huron captain who had not yet been baptized and who was begging to receive the sacrament.

Preparations for the departure to the Mohawk country were begun at once. When the Iroquois had bound their wretched prisoners tightly with cords they flung them into their canoes. They then started across Lake Saint Peter and halted only when they had reached the mouth of the Richelieu river. There they divided among themselves the supplies which were destined for the missions on Georgian Bay. As they opened the various parcels—"the riches of the poor Hurons and things very precious to us," exclaimed Jogues—their shouts of joy echoed throughout the surrounding forests. When the news reached Quebec, Father Vimont wrote: "All these things have fallen into hands of the barbarians. The poor Fathers will regret the loss of their letters. The Iroquois scattered them here and there on the bank of the river, and the waters carried them away."

Carried into captivity

The mournful convoy with its score of prisoners then started up the river and over Lake Champlain and Lake George, a journey which was the occasion of new tortures for the unhappy victims. They lay tied and crouching at the bottom of the canoes without food or sleep, exposed to the excessive summer heat and writhing with the pain of their still fresh and bleeding wounds. In a letter to France shortly after this tragic capture. Vimont wrote: "Of the twenty-three taken some were massacred while others were garrotted and carried away to the country of those barbarians who will perhaps make a more bloody meal of them than hounds do of a stag. God be praised for the courage he has given to the Father (Jogues) and for the piety he has inspired in the two young Frenchmen (Goupil and Couture)! If those tigers burn them, if they roast them, if they boil them, if they eat them, they will procure for them sweeter refreshment

in the house of the Great God for whose love they have exposed themselves to such perils... A number of Hurons captured are Christians. Perhaps they will convey a good impression of the faith." Father Jogues, on his side, ignoring his own sufferings, tells us later what caused him the greatest pain on that journey was to see among the prisoners some of the oldest and worthiest Christians of the Church in Huronia. Their plight drew tears from his eyes in the fear "lest the cruelties they endured might impede the progress of the faith still incipient there."

Father Jogues and René Goupil were evidently in the same canoe, for the missionary informs us that while on the road Goupil was always occupied with God. When he spoke, his words and discourses all plainly showed his entire submission to His holy will. "He accepted the death that God was sending him, offering himself in sacrifice many times, even to be reduced to ashes, and seeking only to please God in all things and everywhere." The two had been a few days on the way when the young man confided to his companion the secret of his life. "Father," he said, "God has always given me a great desire to consecrate myself to His service by the vows of religion in His holy Society. Up to this my sins have rendered me unworthy of this grace. Nevertheless I hope that our Lord will be pleased with the offering which I now wish to make to Him by taking in the best way I can the vows of the Society in the presence of God and before you." [1]

He takes the Jesuit vows

We have here another instance of the influence his few months in religion had on the life of René Goupil. Undoubtedly he had learned in the novitiate in Paris, that while one's actions done without the obligation of doing them might be more pleasing to God than corresponding

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxviii, p. 121.

actions done under obligation, if the former proceeds from a more intense love of God, he had also learned that, other things being equal, actions done under vow are more perfect than those done without it, and he was wise enough to wish to profit to the full by his present sad plight. Father Jogues sympathised with the pious desire of the holy young man, and allowed him to take the vows which admitted him into the Order. This new obligation would bind him closely to God and give a double merit to the sufferings he was now undergoing for His sake.

The canoes had been on the road eight days; and were still on Lake Champlain, when two hundred Iroquois were sighted. These savages were encamped on an island and were on their way to attack the French. The arrival of a score of prisoners was hailed by them with shouts of joy, it being considered a good omen if they had an opportunity of exercising their cruelty before going to war. The prisoners were released from the cords which bound them and were taken ashore where they were forced to run the gauntlet between two rows of Iroquois, who amused themselves by plucking out the hair and beard of the Frenchmen and tearing the tender parts of their bodies with their finger nails which, the *Relation* informs us, were extremely sharp. After this new ordeal René Goupil presented a pitiable sight. He was covered with blood, and he staggered under the blows which his inhuman tormentors showered upon him. But the saints have the secret of returning good for evil. One of the Iroquois fell sick and Goupil employed his surgical skill in opening a vein for him, with as much patience and charity as if he were doing the act for a friend.

New tortures inflicted

On the tenth day they had reached the southern end of Lake George where the prisoners made the rest of the journey on foot and by portaging to the Mohawk cantons,

thirty or forty miles away. Although weak from hunger and loss or blood, the unfortunate men were forced to carry on their backs the parcels destined for the Huron mission. Mile after mile they trudged over the Indian trails, staggering under their heavy burdens, and urged on by the blows and the insults of their captors. Finally on the thirteenth day, eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, about the twentieth hour, "they arrived at the river which flows past the village of the Iroquois." After having crossed the river and climbed the hill they came to the village itself, Ossernenon, fortified by double palisades and containing about six hundred inhabitants. The whole population, armed with clubs and iron rods, were on foot to welcome the visitors. Two hedges were formed along the trail, and as the prisoners passed between them they received a shower of blows from men, women and children. Goupil was horribly disfigured. When he reached the gate of the enclosure he fell to the ground, a bruised and bleeding mass of wounds. Writing of his condition,[1] Father Jogues continues : "Having fallen under a shower of blows from clubs and iron rods with which they attacked him, and being unable to rise, he was carried half dead as it were, on to a scaffold raised in the middle of the village in so pitiable a condition that he would have inspired compassion in cruelty itself. He was all bruised with blows and in his features one distinguished nothing but the white of his eyes. But he was so much the more beautiful in the sight of the angels, as he was disfigured and similar to Him of whom it was said, 'We have thought Him as it were a leper; there was no beauty on Him, nor

Among the Mohawks

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxviii, p. 125.

comeliness.' Hardly had they grantd him time to breathe when they gave him three other blows on the shoulders with a heavy club. They then cut off his right thumb at the first joint. This torture caused the heroic Goupil to heave a sigh and to call on Jesus ! Mary ! Joseph ! for strength to bear the pain. At night he was tied to stakes planted in the ground and while he lay on his back the Iroquois children amused themselves by throwing burning coals and cinders on his bare breast. However, during the time he was exposed to all who wished to wreak their cruelty on him, Goupil showed admirable gentleness and resignation.

Suffers further tortures

Two days were spent in this fashion at Ossernenon, after which the Hurons prisoners were hurried to Andaragon where their tortures were repeated, then to Tionnontoguen, finally to a fourth village the name of which is not fully identified in the *Relations*. Father Jogues and René Goupil were taken to Andaragon, but they were spared the rest of this sorrowful way of the Cross, their weakness being so great that they were unable to walk. The Huron prisoners were publicly notified that they should meet their death by fire, "news assuredly full of horror, but softened by the thought of the Divine will and the hope of a better life." The dread sentence was carried out on several of them in the various villages. They went to the stake giving examples of that savage stoicism when their training on Georgian Bay had changed into Christian courage and resignation. Jogues and Goupil were not condemned to this frightful death; their sentence had been put off for the moment, and having been brought back to Ossernenon they were allowed a certain freedom within the limits of the village.

Meanwhile the news that white men had been seized and were held as captives among the Iroquois had reached the Dutch at Fort Orange, and had aroused their sympathy. The commandant, Arendt Van Corlaer, with two interpreters, came to Ossernenon to intercede for them and treat for their ransom. Van Corlaer offered two hundred and sixty dollars, an offer which was haughtily refused. Father Jogues remarked that the Dutch envoys spent several days in consultation, offering much but obtaining little. Not wishing to offend their allies, the wily barbarians promised that they themselves would conduct the prisoners back to the French colony.

Attempts to ransom him

These efforts to free the missionary and his companion were frowned on by the Iroquois and made them more wary. Meanwhile the two men usually retired outside the village walls where they could be alone with God and their devotions. But even there they were not alone; spies were watching all their actions, and their fervor and the length of their prayers excited the fury of those enemies of God. René Goupil had become the special object of their hatred, and the reason of his assassination is given in detail by Father Jogues in the document quoted so often in these ages. One day a little child, three or four years old, entered Goupil's cabin while he was at prayer. With an excess of devotion and of love for the Cross, and with a simplicity which in the circumstances, Father Jogues avers, was not prudent according to the flesh, he removed the cap from the child's head and then made a great sign of the Cross on the little one's brow and breast. The grandfather of the child, a superstitious old pagan, witnessed this scene. He had heard from the Calvinists of Fort Orange that the sign of the Cross was a hateful sign, and fearing some misfortune from the action of the Frenchman, he became enraged at him, and com-

Threatened with death

manded a young Indian who was about to leave for the war to kill him. The savage took the order to heart and sought the first opportunity to carry it out.

Unconscious of these dangers and yet wishing to give no cause for complaint, Jogues and Goupil kept aloof from the others in the village; they lived in close companionship and performed their devotions together. Six weeks after their arrival at Ossernenon, they were walking in the neighborhood of the village reciting the rosary, when the young savages ordered them to return to their cabins at once. Father Jogues had some presentiment of what was going to happen and remarked to Goupil, "My dear Brother, let us recommend ourselves to our Lord and to His good Mother the Blessed Virgin; I think these people have some evil design." [1] The same Father tells us they had with much fervor offered themselves to God shortly before, beseeching Him to receive their lives and their blood and to unite them to His Life and His Blood for the salvation of the Iroquois. Accordingly, they returned towards the village reciting the rosary, and had said the fourth decade when they reached the gate. They stopped to listen to what the young men were saying when one of these drew a hatchet which he had kept concealed beneath his blanket and dealt a blow with it on the head of René Goupil, felling the victim to the ground. Goupil was still conscious, for he recalled at that moment an agreement he had made with Father Jogues to invoke the Holy Name of Jesus in order to obtain the indulgence. Looking for a similar end, the Jesuit knelt to receive his blow, but the murderer remarked that he had not permission to kill him, as he was under the protection of another family. Jogues then rose to his feet, and pronounced a last absolution over the young man who was

He is cruelly slain at last

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxviii, p. 127.

unconscious but still breathing. Two more blows of the hatchet completed the murderous deed; the soul of the heroic Goupil left his body and went to meet its Maker.

"It was on the twenty-ninth of September, feast of St. Michael," wrote Father Jogues later, "when this angel of innocence and martyr of Jesus Christ gave his life for Him who had given him His. They ordered me to return to my cabin where I waited the rest of the day looking for the same fate. It was fully their purpose to kill me; but our Lord did not permit it. The next morning I went to enquire where they had thrown the blessed body, for I wished to bury it at any cost. Certain Iroquois said to me: 'You have no sense. Don't you see that they are seeking you everywhere to kill you, and still you go out! Your are looking for a body already half destroyed, which they have dragged far from here. The young men will kill you if they find you oustide the stockade.' That did not stop me; our Lord gave me courage enough to wish to die in this act of charity. With the aid of an Algonquin prisoner I found the body. After his (Goupil's) death the children had stripped him and putting a rope about his neck dragged him to a ravine which is near their village. The dogs had mangled him and I could not keep my tears back at the sight. I took the body, and with the aid of the Algonquin I put it in the water and then weighted it down with stones so that it might not be seen. It was my intention to come the next day with a mattock, when no one was looking, to dig a grave and place the remains therein. I thought the corpse had been well concealed but perhaps some of the young men had perceived me. During the night it rained, and the water in the ravine rose to an uncommon height. I borrowed a mattock from another cabin the better to conceal my design, but when I reached the spot I could not find the blessed deposit. I went into the water and

Respect for his relics

sounded with my feet to see whether the torrent had not carried it away. I could find nothing."[1]

The kind-hearted missionary gave up the task. He learned later that the young men of the village had dragged Goupil's body from the ravine into a little wood nearby where it became the food of wild animals. Only in the following spring, after he had made a fourth attempt, did he succeed in finding the skull and a few half-gnawed bones. These he buried with the intention of carrying them back to Three Rivers should he succeed in gaining his liberty. "Before placing them in the ground," he remarks, "I kissed them very devoutly several times as the bones of a martyr of Jesus Christ. I give him this title not only because he was killed by the enemies of God and His Church and in the exercise of an ardent charity towards his neighbor by placing himself in evident peril for the love of God, but especially because he was killed on account of prayer and notably for the sign of the Holy Cross." [2]

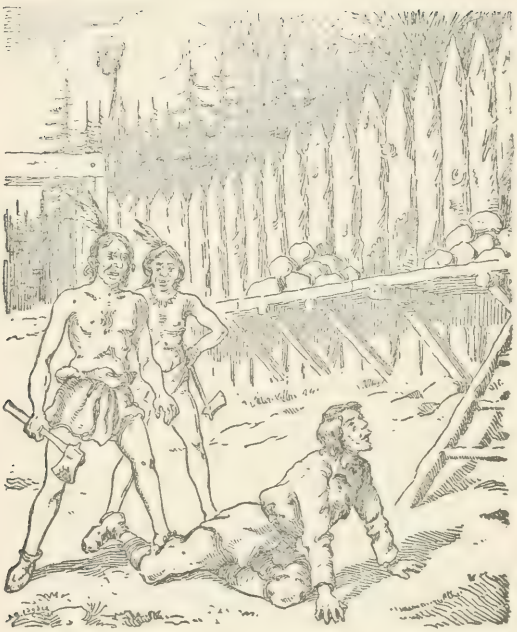
Considered a martyr

Thus ended one of the most pathetic incidents in the history of the early missions of America. Within recent years the site of Ossernenon, where René Goupil met his tragic death, with the ravine into which his body was cast, had been located near the present village of Auriesville, on the banks of the Mohawk river, about forty miles from Albany. This spot, rendered sacred by so many venerable souvenirs, has been set aside as a place of pilgrimage where a shrine has been erected and dedicated to Our Lady of Martyrs. Large numbers of the faithful assemble there every summer to recall the tragic happenings of the seventeenth century and to implore the intercession of the young martyr whose blood, shed for the sign of the Cross, has hallowed the soil. René Goupil's

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxviii, p. 133.
2 Ibid., Clev. edit., vol. xxviii, p. 131.

gentle disposition, his zeal in the service of God, his fortitude and resignation in his suffering, crowned by his heroic death, have given a halo to his memory which time has not obliterated. The Third Council of Baltimore, held in 1884, coupled his name with that of Isaac Jogues, his companion in captivity and torture, in a petition to the Holy See asking for their beatification. A Decree, issued in August, 1916, by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, shows that much progress has been made. It gives us reason of hope that in the not too distant future the Church may permit us to invoke the intercession of this young Christian hero who shed his blood for the faith in the early years of our country.

His memory still fresh



JOHN DE LA LANDE

Slain by the Iroquois, October 19, 1646

John de la Lande

VICTIM OF THE IROQUOIS

THE martyrdom of John de la Lande, the saintly companion of Father Jogues, which took place in 1646, on the banks of the Mohawk river, is one of those incidents which left their impress on the early history of the American missions; it recalls the age when the ferocious Iroquois, the sworn enemy of the French missionaries, were spreading terror throughout New France. Those savages occupied the picturesque and fruiful valleys and uplands which extend from the headquarters of the Hudson river to the Genesee, in the present State of New York, and roamed far and wide on their warlike expeditions. An unfortunate encounter with Champlain,[1] in 1609, on the shores of the lake which bears his name, first taught the Iroquois the efficacity of fire arms, weapons which they easily procured from the Dutch who were to settle on the banks of the Hudson; in a very few years they had discarded their bows and arrows for powder and shot. This first act of hostility, in which several Iroquois were slain, became a source of alienation from the French during the rest of the seventeenth century. The Dutch fostered the bitterness between the French and the Iroquois by instilling into the minds of the latter their own religious prejudices which they had brought with them across the

1 *Oeuvres de Champlain*, (Québec, 1870), Bk. ii, ch. ix, pp. 193-196.

Atlantic; and, as the sequel proved, their insidious maneuvring had serious consequences for the French missionaries who went to labor among those Indians in later years.

French and Iroquois

As yet the Iroquois had not come in contact with the Jesuits, but what they learned from the followers of Calvin excited their ill-will against a religious system which aimed at exterminating their sorcery and pagan customs. The poor aborigenes readily accepted as true the testimony of their white allies; it justified them in their belief that the famine and pestilence and other misfortunes which visited them from time to time were the work of the missionaries. Inspired by the evil counsels of the Dutch as well as by their own superstitions, the Iroquois grew to hate the doctrines of the Catholic Church and to despise and fear those who taught them. Father Jerome Lalemant wrote in the *Relation* of 1649, "The Iroquois have an intense hatred of our holy religion." The circumstances attending the martyrdom of Brébeuf, Jogues, Goupil, and others, amply prove that, while some of the Indians dreaded even the objects devoted to Catholic worship as sources of evil, others, more daring, scorned the sacraments and practices of our holy religion, and they were fully disposed to do away with those who labored to propagate it. All this ignorance and prejudice recoiled in time on the heroic French missionaries who paid the price in tortures and death.

Intrigues of the Dutch

But the French and their missionaries were not the only objects of Iroquois resentment; those savages extended their hatred to the native tribes who had been converted and were friendly to the French, and their geographical position made their warlike incursions against the French allies a comparatively easy task. The valley of the St. Lawrence and its tributaries were well within their reach through Lake Champlain and Lake Ontario,

over whose waters they could move in large war parties, to carry devastation into the French settlements of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, and from the western fringe of their territory they could advance quickly over Lake Erie into the present Province of Ontario and attack the allied Indian tribes in their own domain. Profiting by these advantages and by their desire for vengeance, they destroyed the flourishing missions among the Hurons on Georgian Bay, killing or capturing several thousand of these unfortunate Indians with their missionaries; they ravaged the Montagnais settlements on the Lower St. Lawrence, the Neutrals along Lake Erie, the Algonquins on Ottawa, and the Attikamegs, a peaceful nation living on Upper St. Maurice. A punitive expedition directed by the French, in 1665, reduced the Iroquois for a time to inactivity, but during the rest of the century they remained what history tells they had always been, a cruel, sullen and treacherous race, in whom all humane feelings were dormant. Prisoners taken by them were subjected to fiendish tortures; their scalps and finger nails were torn off; their flesh was cut away piecemeal and eaten before their eyes; and when the victims survived these ordeals they were usually burned at the stake or condemned to imprisonment and slavery worse than death.

Jesuits among the Iroquois

And, yet, in those strenuous years of the seventeenth century there were Jesuits brave enough to go among the Iroquois, along the Mohawk river and the lakes of central New York, to live with them and preach the Gospel to them. The first of these heroes of the Cross was Father Isaac Jogues, whom a tragic accident threw into the hands of those ferocious savages for the first time in 1642. While on his way to the Huron mission on Georgian Bay, whither he was returning with supplies for his famine-stricken brethren, he fell into an ambuscade of Iroquois, a few miles west of Three Rivers, together

with two Frenchmen, René Goupil and Guillaume Couture, and a score of Hurons. All were cruelly beaten and tortured and then carried off as prisoners to the Mohawk valley. Father Jogues' companion was slain six weeks later, September 29, 1642, while only after thirteen months of degrading slavery did the Jesuit succeed in making his escape. The holy missionary has left us a vivid narration of the trials he had to undergo during this captivity. Two years later, in 1644, another Jesuit, Father Joseph Bressani, was seized. Three pathetic letters written by this servant of God have been preserved and give details of the tortures inflicted on him which, after nearly three centuries, still cause a thrill of horror in the reader. The Iroquois, he pathetically relates, began by obliging him to throw away all his writings, their superstition fearing that some malicious charm was attached to them, and "they were surprised," he remarks, "to witness how sensitive this loss was to me, seeing that I had given no sign of regret for the rest." After incredible hardship and fatigue the unhappy captive reached the Mohawk country where he was received by the tribe in a cruel fashion. He was stripped of his clothes and obliged to run the gauntlet between two rows of howling savages who showered blows on him with sticks and iron rods. With a sharp knife they split his fingers open and nearly severed his hand in two. Covered with blood he was forced to mount a platform in the middle of the village, where he became the object of their jeers and insults. This, however, was only the beginning of his sufferings. He was taken from village to village and in each tortured by fire, his captors' favorite method being to light their calumets and then push the victim's fingers into the bowls. Eighteen times they applied fire to his lacerated hands until at last they were a mass of festering wounds. These tortures were usually inflicted at night, during which he was

Tortures of the missionaries

securely tied to stakes and forced to lie uncovered on the bare ground. The poor sufferer tells us that, when finally he was condemned to be burned at the stake, he wished to die, but he begged the ruthless Iroquois to despatch him in any way but by fire. "Taken prisoner while on his way to the Hurons," writes the historian Bancroft, "beaten, mangled, mutilated; driven barefoot over rough paths, through briers and thickets; scourged by a whole village; burned, tortured, wounded and scarred, he was eye-witness to the fate of his companions who were boiled and eaten; yet some mysterious awe protected his life." [1] Father Bressani himself acknowledged that he received this protection from God and His Blessed Mother. He was given into slavery and remained in that condition until, like his predecessor Father Jogues, he was humanely ransomed by the Dutch at Fort Orange. These two examples will suffice to show us what kind of savages the Jesuits had to deal with in their work of spreading the Gospel. In blood and tears the devoted men tried to impress the Divine Master's message on souls steeped for centuries in superstition and the most degrading sorcery. Jogues and Bressani carried the marks of their heroism in their mutilated members till death. One of them, as we shall see in a moment, not satisfied with what he had already suffered among the Mohawks, returned with his companion, John de la Lande, when both of them offered up the sacrifice of their lives.

Work among the Iroquois

Between the years 1642 and 1644 the Iroquois grew so daring, and their incursions so numerous, that the French colony became alarmed. Peaceful farmers were seized while working in their fields; Indians were often seen hiding under the very shadow of the settlers' dwellings; war-parties were constantly prowling along the Ottawa

1 *History of the United States*. Bk. iii. p. 794.

river and on the Lower St. Lawrence, waiting like tigers for their prey. They had blocked the route to the Huron country, and menaced not merely the fur-trade but the very existence of the Jesuit missions on Georgian Bay Matters had reached such a pass in 1644 that the French governor Montmagny felt that something had to be done. Hoping to put an end to the Iroquois depredations and to the reign of terror which was paralysing the colony, he suggested a treaty of peace with the Confederacy. The suggestion was received favorably; delegates were appointed on both sides, and conferences were held at Three Rivers in the summer of 1644, at which Jogues assisted. Certain stipulations were agreed to by both French and Iroquois, and everything foreshadowed a brighter and more peaceful era. However, the treacherous savages had so often given evidence of bad faith that some unusual measure was thought necessary by the French to prevail on them to keep their pledges. Two years later an embassy to the Mohawks was proposed and Father Jogues was chosen as ambassador. His long captivity among them, in 1642, and his ready knowledge of their tongue, would make him a valuable agent to urge the savages to ratify the articles of peace. We learn from his correspondence that the holy missionary started on this second journey to the Mohawks with some trepidation. He carried out the mandate entrusted to him, and while he was not entirely successful, as the sequel showed, his visit to the cantons made a very deep impression on his mind The abominable superstitions he had witnessed during his thirteen months' captivity were as rife as ever, and he was disconsolate at the thought that those abandoned savages, who bore the image of God on their souls, should be allowed to live and die in their wretchedness without some effort being made to help them. The Redeemer, he pleaded, had shed His precious Blood for

The Jesuit Ambassador

the poor, untutored Iroquois, as He had for the rest of men, and he resolved to repay them for their former cruelties to him by returning as soon as possible to preach God's law to them and help them to save their souls. So fully determined was he to resume his apostolic labors among his former persecutors that, in order to save himself the worry of double transportation, as we have already seen, he left in the care of a Mohawk family a box containing church vestments and a few personal effects.

De la Lande chosen

When the heroic man laid the project before his superiors at Quebec he received their entire approbation; in fact, the Jesuits had hoped that this would be one of the results of Father Jogues' embassy. And yet while his energy and zeal were equal to the task ahead of him, the holy man did not minimize the danger. he even had presentiments that the great sacrifice of his life would be demanded of him, as we learn from a letter he wrote to a friend in France, but he joyfully began his preparations for the journey. His first care was to choose a companion, a layman who should be animated with the same sentiments as he himself was, one in whom self-sacrifice and entire devotedness excelled, and who would be ready to yield up his life if he were asked to do so for the sake of souls. Father Jogues found these admirable qualities in a young man, John de la Lande, a native of Dieppe, in Normandy, who had been in the French colony only a short time, and had been remarked for his piety and his zeal in the service of the missionaries at Quebec. When the opportunity of sacrifice in the Mohawk country was proposed to him, he gladly offered himself for the enterprise, looking only to God for his reward.

In thus choosing a layman to accompany him, Father Jogues was observing a custom already adopted by the missionaries. This was a necessary precaution, owing

to the conditions of the people and the country in which they were forced to live. It is not an easy task, in this age of comfort and easy transportation, to form a true idea of the difficulties and hardships the early Jesuits on this continent had to contend with in their apostolic wanderings. In the seventeenth century canoes and baggage had to be carried on shoulders over rapids and rocky places; long days of weary trudging on foot, or handling the paddle, had to be undergone if one wished to make any progress over the vast solitudes of land and water.

The difficulties of travel

Needless to say, the services of a devoted layman were a welcome solace in the fatigues of those dreary journeys. The missionary's scanty meals of ground corn boiled in water were prepared by his companion, who gathered the wood and built the camp fire, thus giving him leisure to recite his breviary and go through his other devotions. When darkness obliged him to halt at the foot of some rapid or hill, the lay companion cut the cedar branches which formed his bed for the night; and in the early morning when the missionary set up his portable altar in the forest and celebrated Mass, it was his lay companion who assisted him. But it was in the permanent missions already established far from French posts, that the services, of those devoted laymen were appreciated. Like their neophytes and converts, the Jesuits had to depend on fishing, hunting and the cultivation of the soil for their daily food; they could not rely on the charity of inconstant Indians; they needed the help of men fully devoted to them to provide for their temporal wants. For this purpose they organized a class of lay helpers, men of unblemished character who were willing to labor for the love of God and look to Him alone, as the missionaries did, for their reward. These helpers were known as *donnés*, or oblates, that is, men who made

the oblation of themselves and their services to the missionaries. There were few lay-brothers of the Order in New France, and besides, as Jerome Lalemant admits, the oblates were preferred to lay-brothers for the reason that they could do all the latter could do and much that they were debarred from doing; for instance, the carrying of firearms, an important detail in those strenuous years of Iroquois inroads and barbarities. In the missions they taught the native converts how to build cabins and how to till the soil profitably; during times of pestilence they acted as surgeons and nurses to the sick. Jerome Lalemant tells us that they were skilful in bleeding sick savages and in preparing medicines for them. Father de Carheil, writing from the Iroquois country a quarter of a century after Lalemant, praises his oblate companion who was able to mix medicine, dress wounds, treat the sick, and render himself useful in various ways. "Would to God," he exclaimed, "that we had a man like him in every mission!"

Usefulness of the oblates

The oblates made themselves all things to all men and rendered valuable services to both French and Indians. An interesting story is related of one of them, Robert Le Coq, known as Robert the Good, whose activity among the Fathers on Georgian Bay missions is described at length in the *Relation* of 1640. While in the wilderness, on one of his trips over the Ottawa route to Quebec, Le Coq met a poor Huron Indian who, owing to illness, had been abandoned by his companions. He was touched with compassion and resolved to save the Huron's life. He built a cabin for him, covered him with his own clothing, and then started out to fish and hunt to provide food for him. He stayed with him in the forest and served him day and night with so much charity that he restored the Indians to health again. A year later, while travelling

over the same route, Le Coq himself was seized with small-pox, then prevalent in the neighborhood. In a few days his body was covered with the loathsome disease. His Huron companions, overcome with horror of him and feeling that his end was near, took away his clothes and his canoe, and left him to perish on a bare rock on the shore of Georgian Bay. For twelve or thirteen days the unhappy man struggled with death when, by a happy coincidence, the Indian whom he had succored the year before happened to come along. At first, Le Coq was not recognized in his disfigurement, but the Huron had not forgotten the sound of his voice; and moved to compassion, in his turn, at the thought of the services that had been rendered himself, he carried the sick man on his back for four days till he reached a spot where he could call for assistance.[1]

An example of their charity

Kind acts like these performed by the laymen in the service of the missions, created bonds of sympathy between the Indians and the Jesuits, and made the work of the latter all the easier. And yet, notwithstanding their evident usefulness, the innovation did not meet with the entire approval of the General of the Jesuits. Some of the oblates had been allowed to take vows of devotion and to wear a religious habit, and besides, this class resembled too closely a Third Order for which no provision had been made in the Constitutions of the founder. Mutius Vitelleschi ordered its dissolution in 1643 and counselled his brethren in Canada not to revive it in future. If the labors of those lay-helpers were essential to the welfare of the missions, he instructed the superiors to modify the conditions of their existence. This was cheerfully done the following year, and the oblates continued to work as before with much fruit and edification. The verdict that

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., xix, p. 108. Robert Le Coq was slain by the Iroquois at Three Rivers, in 1650.

one must draw from the reading of the *Relations* is that these laymen rendered priceless services to the Canadian missions and contributed greatly, by their devotedness and self-sacrifice, to the success obtained by the Jesuits in the New World. In 1649, the year of the destruction of the Hurons, there were twenty-seven oblates in the service of the missions on Georgian Bay, we learn from a letter of Paul Ragueneau to Father Vincent Caraffa, General of the Order; "all chosen men," he writes, "most of whom have resolved to live and die with us; they assist us in our labor and industries with a courage, a fidelity and a holiness that assuredly are not of earth. Consequently they look to God for their reward, deeming themselves only too happy to pour out not only their sweat but, if need be, their blood also, to contribute as much as they can towards the conversion of the barbarian."[1] "Without being initiated members," writes Bancroft, in his turn, "they were chosen men, ready to shed their blood for their faith."[2]

Praised by Ragueneau

John de la Lande, it would seem, belonged to this chosen class of auxiliaries. When he was invited to accompany Father Isaac Jogues on his apostolic mission to the ferocious Iroquois, he did not stand to reckon the cost of the sacrifice he was about to make. "Although he was aware of the danger," wrote Bressani afterwards, "he faced it courageously, without hope of any reward but Paradise."[3]

Preparations having been completed, Father Jogues quitted Three Rivers on August 24, 1646. A few sturdy Hurons who were going to visit their captive relatives accompanied the missionary and de la Lande, and after crossing Lake St. Peter they began to paddle up the

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxxiii, p. 75.
2 *History of the United States*. Bk. ii, ch. 20.
3 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxxix, p. 237

Richelieu river on their way to Lake Champlain. They usually kept near the shore to avoid the strong current, and they landed to rest when fatigue overcame them. Father Jogues' mutilated hands, relics of his captivity four years before, prevented him from using the paddle, but he was generously aided by John de la Lande whose willing arms did double work, thus forestalling any signs of discontent among the Hurons who wanted everyone to do his share while on the way. When night came on and the canoes were pulled ashore, it was de la Lande who built the fire and prepared the evening meal of *sagamité* for the missionary. The two men recited the rosary together and then lay down on their bed of branches to get a few hours' rest. At dawn, after their morning prayers and breakfast, they started off to cover another section of their journey, portaging their canoes over the rapids in the Richelieu river and finally entering Lake Champlain. During those long painful days de la Lande proved himself a true friend to Father Jogues, looking after the personal needs of one who had only the partial use of his members and taking care of the baggage which must have been considerable, seeing that the two men were resolved to spend the winter in the "land of crosses," as the Jesuit appropriately called the Mohawk country.

De la Lande aids Jogues

Meanwhile events were taking place among the Mohawks which were to have dire results for both Jogues and de la Lande. After the departure of the priest in the previous June, a pestilence had broken out in that nation and had made many victims. In addition to this, a worm had attacked the roots of the Indian corn and threatened to ruin the crop. Famine and death stared the superstitious savages in the face and, according to their custom, they sought a reason for the disasters which threatened them. They laid the blame on the box of church goods

Symptoms of trouble

which the missionary had left behind him at Ossernenon. This box had, in fact, become an object of suspicion from the moment it had been confided to their care; they feared that its presence in their midst would bring them some misfortune. Now their fears were more than realized; they were persuaded that Jogues had concealed therein an evil spirit which was carrying out its master's mandate to destroy their nation. It did not take the Iroquois long to come to a decision. Without daring to open the box, they threw it into the river, and during the whole month previous to the missionary's arrival, the Bear clan spread bitter reports against him. These calumnies greatly excited the Mohawks, and as it had been well known that he intended to return they did not promise to add much to the warmth of his welcome. The more reasonable, however, among the families of the Wolf and Turtle clans, those especially who had known Father Jogues during his captivity, counselled moderation; they wished to give him an opportunity to explain the contents of the box. He had already done this for them when he left it in their care, but the subsequent pestilence and the visitation of the worm evidently called for further explanation. The more petulant members of the Bear clan refused to listen to this wise advice, and craftily used the incident as a pretext for continuing war against the French whom they accused of having sent Father Jogues among them. They did not wait for his arrival before they took action; two parties raised the war-cry among their kinsmen and immediately set out in the direction of New France.

Quite unconscious of this change in public sentiment, Jogues, de la Lande and the Hurons were slowly paddling southward. They had crossed Lake Champlain, and had reached the lower end of the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament,[1] where they were met by one of the war parties.

1 A name given to it by Father Jogues; now called Lake George.

The hostile attitude the Mohawks at once assumed caused such alarm that the timid Hurons, realizing what it meant for them if they were taken prisoners, fled in terror, leaving the missionary and his companion at the mercy of the Mohawks. With fiendish delight these wild savages threw themselves on the two men, robbed them of their baggage, stripped them naked, and began to belabor them with blows. Father Jogues had already had his share of this cruel treatment; he carried on his frail body the marks of former tortures; but the new experience must have been a thrilling one for John de la Lande. However, he did not falter. "This good young man," we read in the *Relation* of 1647, "saw the danger into which he was going when he started on the perilous voyage, but he protested at his departure that the desire to serve God drew him to that country where he felt that death was awaiting him."[1] The hour had come at last when his aspirations were to be fulfilled, when his virtue was to be put to its first heroic rest. He was to taste at last the bitter cup which God presents to the lips of His martyrs before He gives them their heavenly crown. But the young oblate knew well, too, that "the souls of the Just are in the hands of God and the torments of death shall not touch them" until He gives the word. John de la Lande resigned himself to the will of his Heavenly Father; while he was beaten, stripped naked and led in that condition by his captors to Andagaron, he possessed his soul in peace. A few miles had still to be covered before they sighted the Mohawk village; two days later the Iroquois made their triumphal entry into Andagaron with their prisoners. The village was familiar to Father Jogues who had spent his thirteen months' captivity there, but it was a terrifying sight that now met his gaze.

Seized by the savages

Inhumanly tortured

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Clev. edit., vol. xxxi, p. 123.

Men, women and children, howling and gesticulating, and wild with joy over his capture, hurled menaces against him of torture and death. John de la Lande shared these insults and barbarous treatment with his saintly companion. "You shall both die to-morrow," the chiefs exclaimed; "your heads will fall under our tomahawks and will be placed on our palisades to show your brethren what fate awaits them." These wild threats were echoed from mouth to mouth by the savages, and to show the two prisoners how deeply in earnest they were, they began to cut bits of flesh from their arms and devour them before their eyes.

And yet, amid those horrors the two men had a few friends among the Wolf and Turtle clans of the Mohawk nation who sympathized with them and wished to save them. But the members of the Bear clan would not listen; they ignored the pledges taken at the treaty of Three Rivers and clamored all the louder for vengeance; only the death of the two whitemen would placate them. Still, higher interests had to be safeguarded; the treaty was an accomplished fact; the present affair affected the welfare of the whole nation; and as private vengeance urged by the hostile Bear clan was not offcially recognized, it was decided to convoke an assembly to discuss the situation at Tionontoguen, the largest of the Mohawk villages, ten or twelve miles away. There the promoters of peace and leniency had the upperhand; it was decided that Father Jogues and de la Lande should be set at liberty. This decision was a setback to the designs of their enemies who were intent on their destruction and who would not be easily done out of their prey. Fearing that the assembly would take the means to protect the prisoners, the blood-thirsty wretches of the Bear clan determined to take the affair into their own hands and commit the crime secretly. Before the delegates had time

Their fate is discussed

to return to Andaragon, a couple of savages invited Father Jogues to sup with them in their cabin. The holy man saw in this only a mark of frienship, and he readily accepted the invitation. He had hardly crossed the threshold when a blow from a tomahawk, which one of the cowardly savages had hidden under his blanket, felled him to the gound. His skull was split open; his sacrifice was at last accomplished. This crime took place on the evening of October 18, 1646.

Lack of details prevent us from following the movements of John de la Lande during the few hours subsequent to the assassination of Father Jogues, or of sounding the sentiments which must have animated his soul throughout the long night that followed. Alone with his fiendish enemies and completely at their mercy, he evidently expected the same fate as his holy companion, and he prepared himself for it. God does not abandon his servants in such solemn moments; He undoubtedly inspired de la Lande to renew the offering he had so often and so generously made since his departure from Three Rivers, and He gave him the courage and fortitude to make the supreme sacrifice. "This frame of mind," we read in the *Relation* of 1647, "enabled him to pass into a life which no longer fears either the rage of barbarians, or the fury of demons, or the pangs of death." [1] Next morning the heroic young oblate was seized by the savages and put to death with a blow from a tomahawk, as his companion has been the evening before. The heads of the two martyrs were detached from their bodies and placed on pickets in the palisades facing the road by which they had entered the village.

De la Lande suffers death

When the news of this double assassination was bruited about, it created a profound impression among the

1 *Jesuit Relations*, Cleveland edit., vol. XXXI, p. 125.

Mohawks. Those who had had dealings with the French, either as peacemakers or as prisoners, were loud in their denunciation of the crime, claiming that the tomahawk strokes that killed Jogues and De la Lande would bring down misfortunes on the tribe. Kiotsaeton, a powerful Mohawk orator who distinguished himself at the peace conferences at Three Rivers, hastened to condemn the foul deed. He was so outspoken against the treachery of his kinsmen that he was suspected of showing too much partiality to the French. Another who deplored the crime was a prominent Mohawk, known as "The Shepherd". He was moved to sympathy by the fact that he had once been seized by the Algonquins and condemned to die at the stake, but had been freed through the intervention of the French governor. A Mohawk captain who had a Huron prisoner in his keeping was so incensed that he gave him his liberty to go and tell the French how much he deplored the act of his countrymen. However, these regrets came too late to be effective. The report of the tragedy did not reach the French colony until the following year, when a couple of letters written by the Dutch at Fort Orange gave the meager details which were inserted in the *Relation* of 1647. In the same year a Mohawk prisoner taken at Three Rivers volunteered further information that, after the assassination of Father Jogues, whom he tried to save, he became the protector of the young Frenchman who accompanied him. He warned De la Lande not to go far from him, as his life was not safe. But the young man, having gone to get some object which he had brought with him, was slain with a tomahawk by those who were watching him.

News reaches the colony

Thus ended the short but tragic career of John de la Lande. It is not surprising that for two and a half centuries he should be looked on as a martyr, or that his name should be linked with those of his fellow-oblate

René Goupil and the Jesuit missionaries who yielded up the lives for the cause of Christ between 1642 and 1649. When the *Relations* mention the young man's name it is only to extol his piety and his charity in the service of the missionaries. De la Lande was gifted with a profound faith in the truths of our holy religion and with a firm hope in God's promises. These admirable virtues inspired him with strength and courage to meet every trial, and when the moment arrived he faced death willingly, in order to share not merely the sacrifices but also the merits of the missionary life. As a reward for his generosity, God gave him the greatest prize that He can bestow on man here below, the palm of martyrdom.

The virtues of de la Lande

The death of John de la Lande added another name to the list of the victims of the Iroquois, namely, John de Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garnier, Noël Chabanel, Isaac Jogues and René Goupil. So deep was the conviction both in France and Canada that De la Lande and his seven companions had shed their blood for the faith that precautions were taken almost immediately by the Archbishop of Rouen, under whose jurisdiction the French colony had been placed, to preserve the memory of their trials and sufferings. Father Paul Ragueneau, the superior of the Canadian missions, who had known the eight martyrs personally, testified under oath, in 1652, to the truth of the facts which had been published in the various *Relations* concerning these servants of God. Owing to the troublous times through which the Church was passing in Europe in the seventeenth and the eighteenth century, as well as the political changes which took place in America, nothing further was done to revive the blessed memory of the men who shed such luster on the early missions among the Hurons and the Mohawks. The story of their lives, how-

His memory preserved

ever, was preserved as a precious legacy by succeeding generations, and writers of every shade, even non-Catholics, while not always discerning enough to sound the motives that inspired the deeds of those holy men, were generous in their tributes to their heroism.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, interest began to grow in the victims of the Iroquois. The translation and publication of Father Bressani's Italian work on the early missions of New France in 1853, and the new edition of the Jesuit *Relations* published in 1858, quickened the public desire to see something done to rehabilitate the memory of the martyrs. In 1884 the first move was made to interest the Holy See in the Cause of their Beatification, when the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore petitioned the Sovereign Pontiff to proclaim the martyrdom of Father Isaac Jogues and René Goupil who had shed their blood for the faith on what is now the soil of the United States. Other martyrs, however, merited the same honors, and two years later, the Seventh Provincial Council of Quebec issued a postulatum to the Holy See praying for the glorification of the missionaries who were put to death in Canada in the seventeenth century and who had always been venerated as true martyrs.

In 1904 the Archbishop of Quebec instituted the preliminary canonical enquiry. Over two hundred sessions were held and much pertinent testimony was gathered and forwarded to the Sacred Congregation of Rites relative to the virtues of the men whose lives were submitted to investigation. In 1909 the archbishops and bishops, assembled in Plenary Council at Quebec, sent a letter to Pius X, asking His Holiness to hasten the work already begun. This very pressing supplication was strengthened by others from a vast number of prelates and civic officials, and evidently hastened the examination of the

Process of Beatification

testimony taken in 1904. In March, 1912, a Decree issued by the Sacred Congregation of Rites certified that nothing opposed the further progress of the Cause. In August, 1916, the same high tribunal met to decide whether there was just reason to sign the Commission for the Introduction of the Beatification or the Declaration of Martyrdom of the servants of God who were put to death by the Iroquois in New France in the seventeenth century. The answer was in the affirmative and a Decree was ordered to be published to that effect. Within the past couple of years an Apostolic Commission, in session at Quebec, has received further testimony regarding the lives and virtues of the Jesuit missionaries. The Sacred Congregation of Rites has all this testimony, comprising several thousand pages, now in hand, and is studying it carefully. The Holy See is doing its share for the honor of our martyrs; it remains for the Catholics of America to cultivate a devotion to those eight servants of God, and to hasten by their prayers the day when they shall receive the full honors of the altar.

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